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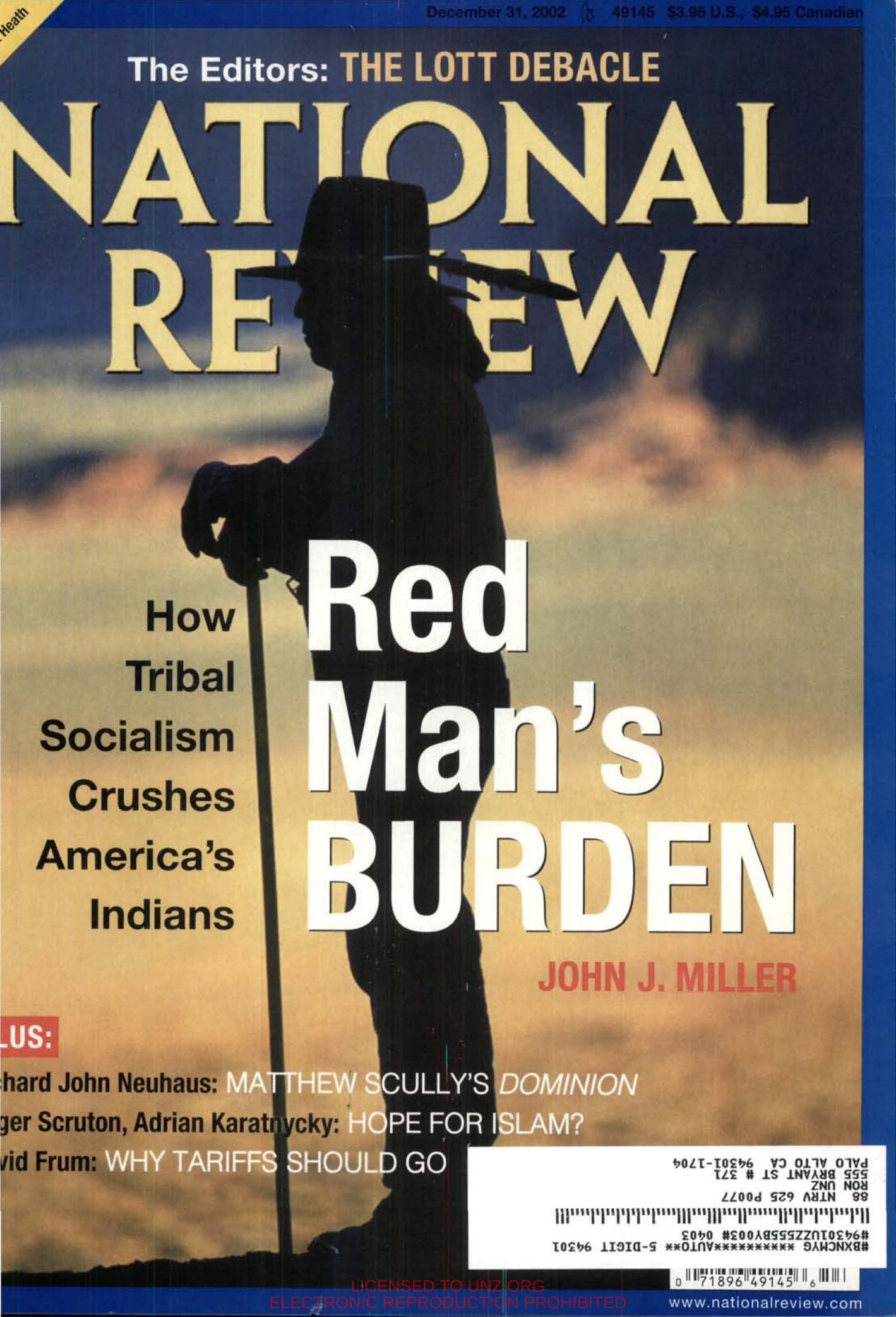

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A world of ideas on public policy

Crafting a Safe and Effective Medicare Drug Benefit

by Tom Miller

This year, Congress again failed to enact a Medicare prescription drug benefit (the House passed such a bill, but the Senate did not). The good news is that unaffordable and unworkable proposals were not enacted into law, despite election year pressure to do so. The bad news is that approximately one-third of Medicare seniors still lack access to adequate prescription drug benefit options, and structural reform of the overall Medicare program remains long overdue.

In the absence of comprehensive reform, Medicare faces a financial crisis in coming years. Part A (primarily covering in-patient hospital costs) will resume spending more than it collects in taxes by 2016, and it faces a long-term deficit of 2 percent of taxable payroll. Part B spending (covering approved doctor visits and other services) will double its share of our economy within 30 years. The latest Financial Report of the U.S. Government, which provides the most comprehensive view of Medicare's mounting burdens on taxpayers, estimates that the net present value of the funds needed to cover future Medicare shortfalls (negative cashflow) is $4.7 trillion for Part A and $8.1 trillion for Part B.

The current political debate primarily concerns *how*, not *whether*, to deliver a Medicare drug benefit. But given the inevitable tendency of many members of Congress for their political reach to exceed their fiscal grasp, *how much* that drug benefit will cost remains an important issue as well. Because of the fiscal pressures facing Medicare and the danger they pose to the quality of healthcare provided to seniors in the years ahead, Congress should take care to enact a new prescription drug benefit in the context of overall structural reform.

When Congress resumes its consideration of prescription drug benefits, it should resist the political temptation to spread taxpayer subsidies too wide and thin — so that almost all seniors get at least a "taste" of new benefits. An overly broad approach would make it much more difficult to provide incentives for most beneficiaries to remain

> ***Congress should take care to enact a new prescription drug benefit in the context of overall structural reform of Medicare***

cost-conscious, and to support more generously those seniors most in need of assistance. Opening the door too wide to universal subsidies for routine, manageable drug expenses in the absence of comprehensive reform could squander scarce Medicare resources that may be needed for more urgent coverage needs in the years ahead.

Simply adding another layer of underfunded, irresponsible promises to Medicare will stimulate beneficiary demand for "cheap" drugs and over-use of those benefits. This engendered demand is sure to be followed by exploding budgetary costs and increases in the "unsubsidized" price of Medicare's prescription drugs. Up next will be additional drug coverage rollbacks, regulatory restrictions, tighter drug formularies, and price controls that chill future innovative research and snuff out the next round of life-saving drugs.

We have already traveled too far down this road in hospital and physician services. As fiscal pressures mount, the federal government simply exercises its unique purchasing power and dictates below-market reimbursements. The full costs of such price discounts eventually include reduced access to quality care and destabilized healthcare markets. Imposing de facto political price controls on today's inventory of prescription medicines would undermine incentives to provide the capital and skilled manpower to develop innovative new cures in the decades ahead.

We need comprehensive Medicare restructuring based on vigorous competition between private plans and traditional Medicare on a level playing field, and deregulated benefits options that reward value-maximizing choices. But if Congress cannot resist the impulse to "do something" short of funda-mental reform, it should at least do less harm by emphasizing higher deductibles, catastrophic loss protection, reformed individual Medigap coverage and a deregulated Medicare+Choice program.

Last year, the average out-of-pocket drug expenditure for all Medicare enrollees was about $650. As an interim step, let's first deal effectively with the small slice of Medicare beneficiaries (less than 10 percent) that faces more than $2,000 a year in out-of-pocket drug expenses, and with lower-income beneficiaries who are just beyond the eligibility limits for Medicaid drug assistance. Implementing a catastrophic prescription drug benefit would provide some breathing room for decision makers to get a better fix on future program costs, while targeting relief to those seniors most in need.

By reforming Medicare in a manner that targets more of its assistance to those seniors most in need of improved drug coverage, Congress can avoid jeopardizing future medical innovation, the stability of other Medicare benefits, and the quality of life for younger workers and their families.

Tom Miller is director of health policy studies at the Cato Institute.

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Now, another rises.

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The curtain goes up on a landmark exhibition of legendary paintings from the Paris art scene — by Cézanne, Picasso, van Gogh, Matisse and more. For the first time, these Russian treasures are here in America in *Old Masters, Impressionists, and Moderns: French Masterworks from the State Pushkin Museum, Moscow.*

The arts speak in a universal language, inspiring us to envision new possibilities and reach ever higher. In this spirit, the people of Philip Morris are proud to support this exhibition and the groundbreaking cultural partnership between the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston and Russia's State Pushkin Museum that made it possible.

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■ LETTERS ■

A HIGHER AUTHORITY

In Michael Potemra's review of Norman Podhoretz's new book ("Voices of the One God," Dec. 9), we learn that Mr. Podhoretz claims that Isaiah was not predicting the coming of Jesus.

But see Luke 4:17–21: "And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Isaiah. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." Jesus then closed the book and proclaimed: "*Today, in your hearing, this scripture is fulfilled.*"

Whatever Isaiah might have known or not known, Jesus clearly had his own opinion on the matter.

George Shadroui
Memphis, Tenn.

SWEET GWINNETT COUNTY

In "Sweet Georgia" (Dec. 9), John J. Miller (and Gene Ulm, whom he quotes) got the name of my county wrong. I am a Gwinnettian, not a Grinnellian. Why? Because I live in Gwinnett County, Ga., part of what Mr. Ulm called the GOP's "low-hanging fruit" ringing Atlanta. Gwinnettian is pronounced "Gwin-nee-shen," like "Martian," which is how many Atlantans perceive us. Now that we are almost on the map, please don't confuse us with the academicians of Iowa.

Cynthia Tanner
Duluth, Ga.

SO THERE!

When you complain about losing elections because a few votes went to Libertarians (The Week, Dec. 9) you sound like the Democrats complaining about Ralph Nader after the 2000 election. I vote Libertarian because their candidates are more closely aligned with my political views than are the Republicans. Until Republicans begin to return this government to the principles embodied in the Constitution, I will continue to vote Libertarian whenever I have the opportunity.

Erreca Story
Kahului, Hawaii

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR

Re your paragraph in The Week (Dec. 9) beginning "Election Day 2002 can be taken as marking the end of the Clinton Era": With due respect to George H. Nash, in 1998 I gave an address at Hillsdale College in which I said, "Everybody seems endlessly to be baffled by the popularity that in his deepest travails Clinton commanded. My God, man: For the public to have turned against Clinton would have required that the self-righteous generation of the 1960s repudiate their mirror image."

For a lot more in this vein, see my *USA Today: The Stunning Incoherence of American Civilization*. (Better yet, order it and read it.)

Reid Buckley
Camden, S.C.

CANINES COUNT

Every self-proclaimed humanitarian opposed to U.S. activity in the Middle East should read Jonah Goldberg's "Man Bites Dog" (Dec. 9). The argument that these tyrannical theocracies are peaceful, tolerant nations takes a big hit after one learns how man's best friend—and a cornerstone of Western culture—is treated. Roman Genn's hilarious illustration drove the message home.

Dennis J. Petersen
Watertown, Conn.

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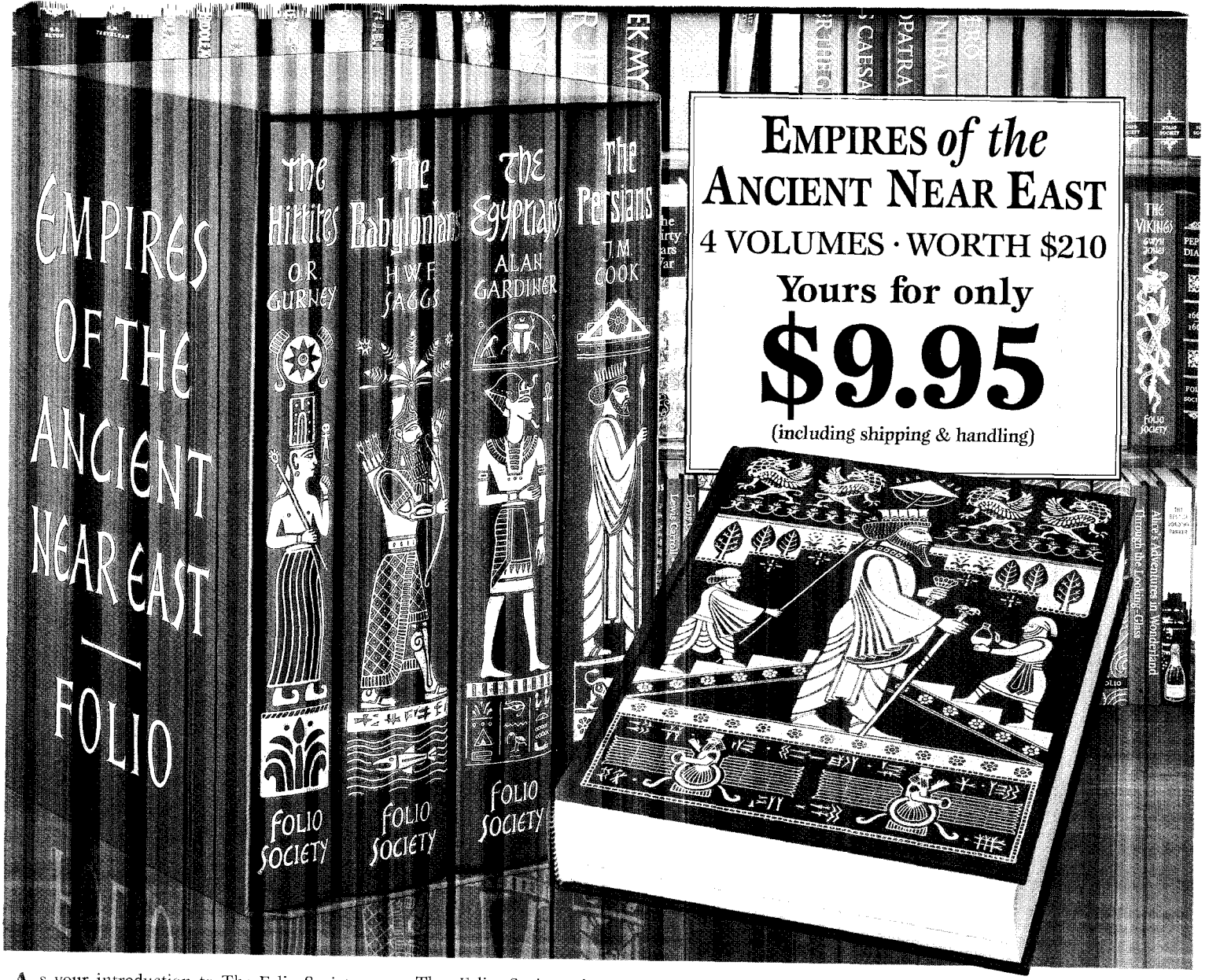

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Whether your fortieth birthday is just coming up or has long since passed, there is really nothing very special about it. At forty, we are still young, active, vigorous – in the prime of life – just one day older.

But forty is when we begin to realize that the spring and summer of youth are over and we start to look for signs of the coming autumn. We search for that occasional grey hair, we wonder if that really is a little bulge beginning in our stomach – we weigh ourselves more often. Every rocket has its trajectory. It shoots upwards with limitless power, reaches an apex – hangs for a while and begins to decline.

Even though aging is a shared experience which concerns all of us, it has not been a subject of serious research until recently. Now, this has dramatically changed and aging has become the focus of intense and fruitful scientific studies. Results have already revealed much about the life, mutation and death of our

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cells heretofore unknown. These findings point the direction to a healthy and vigorous life extended by many years.

Much of this research has to do with nutrition, the most effective ***"prevention"*** tool available to us. Drugs, which may have dangerous side effects, often take years to qualify as ***"safe"*** for human use. On the other hand, nutritional factors, which could affect your health with equal (or greater) force, have no such restraints and you are free to make use of today's discoveries with safety.

That is what this article is all about – what we have learned about aging. It is also about a pioneer product from Lewis Laboratories called ***"OVER 40"***™ that puts all the established scientific knowledge of aging into one superbly formulated product.

WHAT ARE "FREE RADICALS"?

While there are many contributing causes of aging, one receiving great attention in the scientific community is the danger to our cells posed by **"Free Radicals"**. These are a class of highly corrosive oxidizing molecules that are fragmented and unstable. They have unattached electrons which cause them to attack cells in order to complete themselves. They react with essential bio-chemicals in the cells, rendering them useless – or they may modify the DNA in our cells which contains the program of cell reproduction. **"Free Radicals"** have been identified as a contributing factor in arthritis and are suspected of being the mechanism by which dormant cancer cells can become activated.

Where do these **"Free Radicals"** come from? They may be introduced into the body through sunlight, background radiation or air pollution, etc., but they are also produced by each cell as it ***"oxidizes"*** or burns food into energy. Such **"Free Radicals"** are called ***"superoxide"***. The older a cell is, the more of these molecular monstrosities it produces. Our main defense against the degenerative effects of **"Free Radicals"** is a group of molecules called ***antioxidants***. These are known as ***"Free Radical Scavengers"***. They attack, neutralize and render the **"Free Radicals"** harmless. Among the primary ***antioxidants*** are Vitamins "E" and "C", Beta-Carotene, Selenium and other nutrients, all of which are found in effective quantities in ***"OVER 40"***. Such supplementation enables us to come close to satisfying each cell's need for ***antioxidant, anti-aging nutrients***.

WHAT ABOUT OUR IMMUNE SYSTEM?

The air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we eat and the things we touch all contain untold billions of micro-organisms, viruses, pollutants, toxins and carcinogens – many of them potentially lethal. Yet most of us lead relatively healthy lives. The fact is that we have an astonishingly effective natural defense – our ***immune system***. However, like the rest of the body, the ***immune system*** deteriorates with age making it more susceptible to infections and degenerative diseases such as cancer, arthritis and so-called "old age" ailments. The current **AIDS** epidemic has made us realize that, if the ***immune system*** totally collapses, death is inevitable.

The control of the ***immune system*** lies in the thymus gland. The enzymes it produces govern the production of white blood cells known as "T" cells – the real fighters of the defense system. There are three types of "T" cells:– ***"Killer cells"*** that attack and destroy foreign organisms and cancer cells; ***"Helper cells"*** that aid in the production of antibodies and ***"Suppressor cells"*** that prevent the immune system from attacking one's own tissue.

Other danger areas, as we grow older, are the ***intestinal tract*** and the ***colon***. Here, nutrients are absorbed, vitamins manufactured and poisons dumped for disposal. The health of the body depends on the proper functioning of the intestines. A smooth flow must be maintained and a flora of ***"friendly" bacteria*** (needed for its processes) must remain present. Each portion of ***"OVER 40"*** supplies a million or more units of the important bacteria ***"acidophilus"*** – the active ingredient in yogurt.

"OVER 40" has been reformulated to make it current with recent nutritional developments relating to mature health. It is a nutritional formula for the special needs of individuals in middle life and older when the body's need for outside help increases significantly and the purpose of ***"OVER 40"*** is to supply this need. It reinforces the body's resistance to illnesses associated with age and could extend longevity.

"OVER 40" contains our special blend of ***fruit, grain and vegetable fiber*** (to provide proper bulk), ***antioxidants, enzymes, free radical scavengers plus all essential vitamins, minerals*** and ***proteins*** which assist in protecting cells from premature degeneration.

There is a lot to say about the impact of ***"OVER 40"*** on the cardiovascular and nervous systems. In this brief space we have concentrated on the cells in our body because, reduced to its lowest dimension, the humble cell is life itself.

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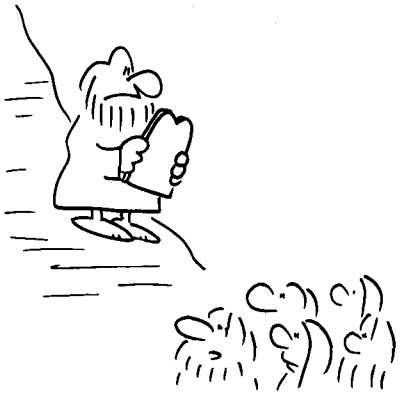
■ FOR THE RECORD ■

■ In Fox News poll, President **Bush** earns 65 percent approval rating. . . . Bush: "Islam brings hope and comfort to more than a billion people worldwide. . . . Islam affirms God's justice and insists on man's moral responsibility. . . . Islam gave birth to a rich civilization of learning that has benefited mankind." . . . Secretary of defense **Donald Rumsfeld**: "Torture is systematic in Iraq, and the most senior officials in the regime are involved. Electric shock, eye-gouging, acid baths, lengthy confinement in small metal boxes are only some of the crimes committed by this regime. That this pattern of human-rights violations seems not of concern to some nations is disturbing." . . . **Karl Rove** on whether administration can fight Iraq war and push domestic agenda simultaneously, in *Roll Call*: "We're going to show that we can walk and chew gum at the same time on the domestic stuff." . . . Pentagon orders 27,000 Reserve and National Guard troops to prepare for duty. . . . Bush says he will take smallpox vaccination. . . . Sen. **Joe Lieberman** (D., Conn.) on Iraq's report to U.N., in Associated Press: "What they gave the U.N. yesterday was probably a 12,000-page, 100-pound lie." . . . President and First Lady send out one million Christmas cards.

■ Senate GOP leader **Trent Lott** on Mississippi voting for segregationist presidential candidate **Strom Thurmond** in 1948: "We're proud of it. And if the rest of the country had followed our lead, we wouldn't have had all these problems over the years." . . . Lott apologizes for remarks: "I was insensitive. . . . I did not in any way mean to be endorsing policies of 54 years ago." . . . Bush on Lott: "We will not, and we must not, rest until every person of every race believes in the promise of America because they see it in their own eyes, with their own eyes, and they live it and feel it in their own lives."

■ **Steve Forbes** on fallout over **Paul O'Neill** and **Larry Lindsey** resignations, in *Washington Post*: "Part of the problem was policies criticized as being too powerful turned out to be too weak." . . . Senate Democratic leader **Tom Daschle**: "Firing its economic team is an overdue admission by the Bush administration that its economic policies have failed." . . . Sen. **Joseph Biden** (D., Del.) on Sen. **Dick Lugar** (R., Ind.) becoming chairman of foreign-relations committee, in *New York Times*: "People may be surprised by this, but there's not much that Dick and I disagree on." . . . In Fox News poll, 39 percent say new homeland-security department will "mostly increase Washington bureaucracy" and 30 percent it will "make the U.S. safer from terrorism."



"We don't need that *much structure!"*

■ Last undecided congressional race ends in 121-vote victory for Republican **Bob Beauprez** in Colorado's 7th district, giving GOP 229 seats in House. . . . Republicans search for strong candidate to challenge Sen. **Harry Reid** (D., Nev.), who won last election by 428 votes, with Rep. **Jim Gibbons** and secretary of state **Dean Heller** as possibilities. . . . Rep. **Pat Toomey** (R., Pa.) on whether he will challenge Sen. **Arlen Specter** in primary, quoted by AP: "I've had a number of conversations about a variety of different political options." . . . Former Rep. **David McIntosh** (R., Ind.) says he will make another run for governor in 2004. . . . *U.S. News & World Report* lists deputy attorney general **Larry Thompson** as "dark horse candidate" to win Supreme Court nomination upon next vacancy.

■ On *60 Minutes*, **Al Gore** tells **Lesley Stahl**: "I've decided not to run. . . . I've decided that I will not be a candidate for president in 2004. My family all gathered here in New York City [where he was hosting *Saturday Night Live*] over the last few days. And I've come to closure on this. I don't think it's the right thing for me to be a candidate in 2004." . . . Analyst **Stuart Rothenberg** in *Dallas Morning News* says Gore's decision brought a "collective sigh of relief from Democratic operatives. . . . They just thought he was a loser.". . . Democratic strategist **Ann Lewis**: "The starter's gun has just been fired. . . . Everyone has been holding back to see what the field is. Now we know what the field is." . . . Following *60 Minutes* announcement, Gore's 2002 running mate, Sen. Joe Lieberman says: "I am going to very seriously consider the awesome opportunity that I now have to become a candidate for president of the United States." . . . Sen. **John Kerry** (D., Mass.), who has an exploratory committee, in *New York Times*: "Ask the people who know me best and I think you'll find I'm a kind of guy who is capable of hugging somebody who lost somebody and crying with them, and laughing outrageously and going out and having a good time." . . . **Al Sharpton** says he will probably announce presidential candidacy on MLK Day. . . . Gov. **Gray Davis** (D., Calif.) rules out White House bid. . . . **Jimmy Carter** collects his Nobel Peace Prize in Oslo, criticizes military action in Iraq: "I think that if Iraq does continue to comply completely then I see no reason for the war and I think it's a good step forward."

■ International Atomic Energy Agency's **Mohamed El Baradei** says Iran and North Korea are greater nuclear threats than Iraq, on CNN. . . . Japanese researchers calculate pi to 1.24 trillion places.

■ **Jon Stewart**: "Officials from Yemen said the [North Korean] missiles were purchased legally. . . . They reminded U.S. officials that Yemen is not our enemy, only an anagram for enemy." **NR**

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Understanding the Brazilian Elections

Stephen Haber, Herbert S. Klein, and Richard Sousa are fellows at the Hoover Institution.

When Brazilian voters went to the polls in October, they did something that no Latin American electorate has done in three decades: they voted in a socialist president, Luis Inácio Lula da Silva. Lula has been a major political figure of the left since the 1970s, when he led a series of strikes that helped undermine the military government. Three times he ran unsuccessfully for president as the Workers Party (Partido Trabalhisata—PT) candidate before this year's landslide victory, in which he carried all but one of Brazil's twenty-seven states, over centrist Jose Serra.

The overwhelming success of Lula and the Workers Party is a consequence of decades of stalled growth and failed promises. During the past eight years, the government of Fernando Henrique Cardoso has pushed forward the privatization of government-owned firms, the relaxation of restrictions on trade, and the encouragement of foreign direct investment. Indeed, real GDP per capita in Brazil is, at present, only slightly above its 1982 level. Brazil is also among the most rigidly stratified societies on the planet. For an entire generation, Brazilians have not seen an improvement in either their absolute or their relative standards of living.

Lula's electoral success therefore needs to be understood as a backlash against the inability of the "Washington Consensus" to ignite sustained economic growth and restore the degree of social mobility that existed in Brazil during the boom period of the 1960s and 1970s.

Lula's victory, however, should not be interpreted as a dramatic movement to the left by Brazilian voters. The PT managed to win only three governorships and controls neither house of congress, which means that the PT must look for coalition partners in order to govern. As it does, Lula's legislative agenda will inevitably be watered down.

The PT has accepted the stability plans of the Cardoso government and most aspects of the country's open economy model. Although suggesting some tighter regulations on market activities, the PT agreed to accept all international agreements and honor all foreign and domestic loans. It also promised to maintain an open market and not deprivatize companies that had been sold to the public.

Although constrained in what he can accomplish, Lula will push for an aggressive tax reform in an attempt to capture a larger share of the upper class's income. He will also seek to redistribute income by increasing the minimum wage and (perhaps) by lowering the tax rates of low-salary workers. He will also push to increase expenditures for welfare and education. Whether he can obtain those goals, however, is far from certain.

Consensus will appear in foreign policy. Brazil's reluctance to support U.S. foreign policies, particularly those that call for the use of military force, has long and deep roots that go back to the U.S. government's support for Brazil's military dictatorships of the 1960s and 1970s. No matter who had won this year's presidential election, Brazil would chart a course independent of U.S. foreign policies.

— Stephen Haber, Herbert S. Klein, and Richard Sousa

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THE WEEK

■ A headline coming soon: "SEN. LOTT OPPOSES NATIONAL MISSILE DEFENSE—FEARS ITS EFFECT ON BLACKS AND OTHER MINORITIES."

■ Our recent cover story charging that South Dakota Sen. Tim Johnson's 524-vote victory over Republican challenger John Thune was the result of absentee-ballot fraud, illegal electioneering, and lax voter-identification practices has stirred strong emotions across the state. The story, based on more than 40 affidavits collected by Republicans in the days after the election, as well as interviews with both Republican and Democratic election officials, has particularly gotten under the skin of state attorney general Mark Barnett, who recently characterized it as "shoddy and irresponsible and sensationalistic and garbage." Barnett, a Republican with designs on someday becoming governor, rejected most of the evidence of improprieties—echoing a decision by Thune, a Republican with designs on someday running for the Senate again, not to ask for a recount. (Barnett declared that two of the affidavits were false, but they made up a tiny part of the NR story.) Democrats cheered Barnett's statements, but it hasn't made the issue go away. In fact, new evidence has emerged that points toward more shenanigans in the election. A Democratic activist named Becky Red Earth Villeda, who was suspected of creating fraudulent absentee-ballot applications, has now been indicted for forging signatures on *hundreds* of applications. And in a lawsuit against Barnett, Red Earth says she was "operating on orders from her superiors" in the Democratic party. All of this suggests that the South Dakota situation is a mess that cries out for investigation—and then reform. Some state legislators are considering just that. It's too late for John Thune—this time at least—but it might ensure that this doesn't happen again.

■ Saddam Hussein has blown what everyone a few weeks ago at the U.N. was insisting is his "last chance." His 12,000-page declaration denying any prohibited weapons programs is obviously incomplete and a lie, and thus constitutes a material breach of U.N. Resolution 1441. This breach renders the inspections process pointless, since inspectors are designed only to certify the compliance of a cooperating state, rather than to try to chase down every nuke and germ in a country determined to play hide-and-seek. The question now should only be when does the Bush administration decide—despite the wailing it will likely produce at U.N. Plaza—to pull the plug on this travesty, and on Saddam.

■ Al Gore announced he would not run for president in 2004, and acknowledged that he was foregoing "probably the last opportunity I'll ever have to run for president." Gore has run in the last four election cycles (for the presidency in 2000; for the vice presidency in 1992 and 1996; for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1988). He has been running for office, in a sense, since his childhood as the son and namesake of a senator. There is evidence that Gore felt that politics was a burden; he has said that his favorite book is *The Red and the Black*, Stendhal's novel of a career chosen against the hero's inclination. His decision probably comes as a relief to him. Not necessarily to the voters. Whatever the polls say about President Bush after 9/11, Al Gore got half a million more votes only ten months earlier. The Democrats have a large and loyal base; a candidate who is luckier and more skillful could well ride it to the White House.

■ Justice Clarence Thomas's intervention in oral arguments on a Virginia anti-cross-burning statute—Thomas supported the Virginia law on the grounds that burning crosses were a tool of "intimidation and harassment" in an anti-black "reign of terror" wherever the Klan held sway—was dramatic. Yet the case symbolizes the bollixed state of thought on freedom of speech. Stripping can be speech; so, in some cases, can Klan crosses (in 1995 the Court let the Klan hoist a cross in a Christmas display in Ohio). Meanwhile, on campuses, sexist speech—which can be jokes that lesbians do not get, which includes a lot of jokes—can be intimidation. All of which leads to the suspicion that when the establishment likes something, it becomes speech; when it doesn't like something, it becomes action.

■ The Bush administration's next major civil-rights test will come on January 16, when briefs are due in the University of Michigan admissions case now before the Supreme Court. There is some concern the Department of Justice won't file one for fear that coming out against "diversity" is the wrong thing to do in the I-am-not-a-Dixiecrat era. Yet the principle of racial equality is too important to be sacrificed to politics, and the events of 9/11 dramatized what a generation's worth of immigration has already made obvious: America cannot afford to become a nation of racial and ethnic enclaves, all jostling for most-favored-color status. Preferences are overwhelmingly unpopular among all Americans, and especially among those who vote Republican. The administration should file a brief making clear that the University of Michigan's policy is flawed not just in its execution, but in its fundamental conception: Pre-fab "diversity" is not a persuasive justification for racial and ethnic discrimination. A brief that says anything less will be worse than no brief at all, and will be deeply disappointing to those who hope this president will leave as part of his legacy an America that is more united than ever before.

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■ President Bush fired Treasury Secretary Paul O'Neill and economic adviser Larry Lindsey, and replaced them with CSX chairman John Snow and investment banker Stephen Friedman. Snow is the better pick—he earned his economics Ph.D. under James Buchanan at the University of Virginia and served on Jack Kemp's tax-reform commission in the 1990s. Friedman, however, is a troubling selection. His affiliation with the Concord Coalition, a group essentially founded to oppose tax cuts, is not encouraging. His personal political giving includes generous donations to liberal senators such as Jon Corzine and Chuck Schumer. Lindsey, the man he replaces, was said to be with the Bush program on tax cuts but not effective as a manager; the concern with Friedman is that he'll be a better manager but not with the tax-cutting program. All the fuss over their selection, however, should not distract from a fundamental truth that the most important member of the president's economic team is the president himself. During the recent elections, Bush showed that he was willing to spend political capital to achieve political victories; now he must spend political capital to make advances in economic policy. If he doesn't, the failure won't be Snow and Friedman's—but his own.

■ Bush should start with a shrewd response to the calls from Democrats to cut the payroll tax. The various Democratic proposals are flawed; they are for temporary reductions, aimed at only the first $10,000 or so of income. One of the chief benefits of cutting the payroll tax is that it will encourage employers to hire—but only if the reductions are permanent. Also, exempting a portion of earnings introduces a progressive element to a rate that's been fixed—and opens up the possibility that Democrats may try to raise the cap on taxable income, which is simply a tax increase. But the Bush administration should allow that the Democrats are on to something in general, and push Congress toward a permanent 1 percent reduction in the payroll tax. This tax cut for workers, combined with a package of tax cuts on investment, would make for a politically attractive, economically sound program, one that would give his new team a running start.

■ Sorry, Kim Jong Il. President Bush will begin deployment of a missile-defense system by 2004. His decision is a triumph of vision (realizing the full implications of the end of the Cold War and the rise of the rogue-state missile threat) and of will (resisting the inertia and naysaying of the foreign-policy establishment). The U.S. system will begin with 10 ground-based interceptors by 2004, and move to 40 interceptors by 2006 or so. The plan will also eventually include sea-based interceptors (20 within the next 18 months) against short- and medium-range missiles, and an airborne laser system, in a multi-layered defense. The eminently practical idea is to test every possible defense system, and deploy whatever works. While the initial defenses will necessarily be limited, they will still represent an improvement over the only system the U.S. has had to intercept missiles to date—the ground.

■ Louisiana is one of the most conservative states in the Union, yet in a strong year for Republican candidates nationwide, the state returned Sen. Mary Landrieu, the Democratic incumbent, to Washington. How did it happen? Suzanne Haik Terrell, Louisiana's elections commissioner, wasn't a great candidate, particularly in debate with Landrieu, and the state GOP leadership went AWOL. Still, Landrieu ran a tough, smart campaign, even as the national Republicans threw all their heavy hitters against her. She bragged about voting with Bush three-quarters of the time; at the same time, she touted herself as an independent-minded candidate loyal to Louisiana's interests first. That gave black voters (otherwise decidedly un-inspired this year) enough room to get excited about voting Democratic, and gave suburban whites unsure about Terrell (who ran as a hard-core pro-lifer) reason to feel comfortable enough with the incumbent. And conservative Catholics from the southwestern agricultural areas were given a reason to vote for the pro-choice Landrieu when she charged that the administration was backing a Mexican trade deal injurious to sugar interests. Hopeful Democrats think Landrieu provides a template for how Democrats can survive in the new political environment. If they all start voting with Bush 74 percent of the time, they just might be right.

■ Michael Bellesiles, a former Emory University history professor and author of *Arming America: The Origins of a National Gun Culture*, can no longer claim the prestigious Bancroft Prize, awarded to him in April 2001. Earlier this month, Columbia University announced that the school's trustees had voted to rescind the prize because Bellesiles "had violated basic norms of acceptable scholarly conduct." The move comes after Bellesiles lost his tenured position at Emory, which found the book to be the product of misconduct and "falsification." So how about Knopf, the book's publisher? It has announced plans to continue to publish the discredited book, and its lies.

■ Hong Kong has seen its biggest public demonstration since 1989, tens of thousands taking to the streets to protest a new law against "subversion." The law is, of course, being pushed on the "Special Administrative Region," a British colony until five years ago, by the Communist government in Beijing. Among other things, it makes it a crime not to report to the authorities one's suspicion that a person may have engaged in treason, with "treason" defined so vaguely it can be stretched to cover any activity of which the Communists disapprove. Prominent in the demonstrations were more than 70 religious leaders and groups, including Catholic Bishop Joseph Zen and the Falun Gong sect, the latter banned on the mainland but still legal in Hong Kong. It is unlikely that these protests will prevent the new law from being adopted. Since the marchers must know that, their courage in resisting the tightening grip of the Beijing party bosses is all the more admirable.

■ For three decades, Turkey has been trying to join the EU—

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and for three decades it's been put off. The latest rebuff came in December, when they were told they *might* be considered for membership in 2005—just possibly maybe. Turkey's admittance to the EU would encourage the forces of secularism and modernization; its rejection could goad them to look elsewhere for friends. Islamists have made gains there in recent elections, and for all their pledges of moderation, their success is a point of concern. The Turks are strategically vital. They are also the only Muslim democracy in the Middle East, with a republic that has lasted 79 years—longer than the present regimes of France, Germany, and Belgium, three countries that continue to dither over letting Turkey into their treehouse. We should let the Turks know they can turn to us if the EU says no, by creating a new transatlantic free-trade area—TAFTA, in the jargon of Washington.

■ Thirteen people died in the November terror-bombing of an Israeli-owned hotel in Kenya. On the same day, also in Kenya, there was an attempt to shoot down an Israeli plane using shoulder-fired anti-aircraft missiles. The U.N. Security Council deplored these attacks in a formal resolution on December 13. However, Syria, the one Arab member of the Security Council, voted against the resolution, on the grounds that Israel is committing "the highest form of terrorism" in Palestine. In much the same way that, as we are now used to being told, white Americans cannot be victims of racism, so there seems to be an evolving view in the Arab world that Israel cannot be a victim of terrorism, only a perpetrator of it. In light of Israel's historic sins, this line of thinking goes, anything that happens to them is less than they deserve.

■ Venezuela is in chaos. The legislature is a shambles, the Supreme Court has quit working, and the economy was already foundering long before the current (and massive) general strike. With President Hugo Chavez's approval ratings now in the low 30s, there's open talk of repeating the coup attempt that nearly brought him down last April. A referendum is available under Venezuelan law, and the State Department has endorsed early elections. But this is a risky course: Chavez's possible successor, vice president José Vicente Rangel, is a committed Marxist and may be an even greater threat to U.S. interests. Venezuela is our third-largest source of oil imports; a friendly regime willing to bust OPEC quotas ought to be a priority, especially in the event of military action in the Gulf. But our first step in helping Venezuela should be here at home. There is currently no assistant secretary for Western Hemispheric affairs—the position has been vacant since the lapse of Otto Reich's recess appointment. The administration has signaled that it won't try to have Reich confirmed permanently. This is unfortunate, but doesn't alter the need for the U.S. to have a capable person in the office—to help Venezuela find a capable person for its presidency.

■ Cherie Blair, wife of the British prime minister, has a wacky "lifestyle adviser," name of Carole Caplin, who, among other things, is reported to have scrubbed toxins off Mrs. Blair in the shower and taught her exercises to release her sexual chakras (whatever they are). This guru has a boyfriend with a shady past—he has in fact served jail time for fraud on three continents, and is currently fighting a deportation order from Britain to his native Australia, where it is thought he may be able to assist the police with some inquiries. It turns out that Ms. Caplin and her questionable boyfriend fronted for the Blairs in the purchase of two apartments, one for their son Euan (a college student), one for investment. There were suggestions that Cherie Blair may have interceded for the boyfriend in his deportation problems. After London's tabloids had jumped all over the story, Cherie made a lip-trembling televised speech, playing the overstressed-career-woman and doting-mom cards, to mixed success. There was general agreement that Mrs. Blair has shown poor judgment—which is worse than it sounds, as in her day job she is actually a judge.

■ Ne Win, who ruled Burma as a dictator from 1962 to 1988, had a colorful side. A superstitious man, he believed his lucky number to be nine, and is said to have married nine wives. He caused economic havoc by decreeing that only 45- and 90-kyat banknotes were legal tender, since they were the only denominations divisible by nine. He enjoyed dressing in medieval costumes, and preserved his youth by regular bathing in dolphins' blood. His name, which he adopted after taking power, meant "brilliant as the sun." Ne Win was no joke, though. He should, in fact, be counted among the 20th-century destroyers of nations, having wrecked Burma in the attempt to turn it into a replica of Mao Tse-tung's China. Retired from official power for 14 years, Ne Win died December 5, shortly after hosting a lunch for 99 Buddhist monks.

■ Bernard Cardinal Law submitted his resignation as Roman Catholic archbishop of Boston to Pope John Paul II. Law stepped down in response to the latest round of revelations that he had fecklessly assigned child-molesting priests to positions in which they might well strike again (and indeed they

Bush Trims Sail

Trent Lott, who, when he'd run the ship,
Had let the sly Tom Daschle snip
His square knots till the mainsail fell,
Has loud-mouthed to a fare-thee-well;
And now, as admirals must do
(In this fleet, Bush commands the blue),
Lott's been rebuked, though one regrets
No one's ripped off his epaulettes.

—W. H. von Dreele

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did). Law's concern, before and after the scandal broke, was to maintain institutional credibility. Christ might have told him to have a care for the little ones in his charge. He ended up accomplishing neither. The only shame in his stepping down is that it came after a prolonged media and legal assault, not as a swift punishment by enraged superiors. The calendar of the saints includes, in addition to martyrs and missionaries, some hard-as-nails administrators. Now is time for one, God willing.

■ "Do-Not-Resuscitate" orders are a hallmark of the "death with dignity" movement, considered an exercise of a patient's choice before he is physically unable to make the choice for himself. But a study in the December issue of *The Journal of the American Geriatrics Society* suggests that the orders may have the opposite effect to that intended. According to the report, doctors are over-interpreting DNR orders, forgoing lifesaving care—like blood transfusions and ICU transfers—when they have a DNR signature for a patient, even though the DNR is only meant to cover CPR. In some of these cases, the patient may, in fact, want to be let alone to die—but the doctor, still under oath to "do no harm," has only a narrow authorization regarding what he *cannot* do. And, of course, the patient, once the doctor has taken liberties, doesn't have a veto.

■ *New York Times* executive editor Howell Raines has been on a toot over Augusta National Golf Club. The home of the Masters is an all-male club, and the *Times* has had a drumbeat of stories criticizing it, many of them on the front page, many of them without a shred of substantive "news." Within the same week, *Newsweek* reported that Raines's crusade was turning off his own staff ("It makes it hard for us to have credibility on other issues," said one anonymous yet still-brave soul); then the *Daily News* revealed that the *Times* had spiked two sports-page columns, by Harvey Araton and by Pulitzer Prize-winner Dave Anderson, that mildly dissented from Raines's editorial line on Augusta. Araton was told that his logic "did not meet" the *Times*'s standards. Presumably he has been sent to diagram syllogisms with Maureen Dowd. Howlin' Howell has touched the third rail of journalism: He has sinned against journalists.

■ Most Americans would agree that a state has the right to regulate how companies advertise their products to citizens. On the other hand, most of us also believe that freedom of speech is one of the nation's highest ideals, enshrined in the U.S. Constitution. Sooner or later the question was bound to arise: Which is which? Following widespread media criticism of working conditions in its Third World factories, Nike Corporation put out various kinds of communications—letters to the editor and so on—by way of rebuttal. A California activist named Marc Kasky promptly sued under his state's fair-advertising laws. The California supreme court held, 4–3, that the company's defensive rebuttals were indeed false advertising within the meaning of California law. The U.S. Supreme Court must decide soon whether to review the *Kasky* v. *Nike* decision. If the decision is allowed to stand, companies doing business in the Golden State will no longer be able to defend themselves against activist charges, and will be wise to keep quiet about any good they may be doing—thus reducing the incentive to do any good. Companies that do *not* do business in California will be free to continue boasting of their "corporate social responsibility," to the detriment of competitors with California markets. SCOTUS should review this case and overturn the California ruling. Corporate rebuttals of activist charges are not advertising, and ought to enjoy First Amendment protection.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The next issue of NATIONAL REVIEW will appear in three weeks.

■ In a front-page story on December 9, the *New York Times* celebrated the achievement of Yale senior Chesa Boudin, who is among this year's elite crop of 32 Rhodes scholars. Boudin, the article explains, has overcome "striking challenges" to get to where he is today: His parents, Katherine Boudin and David Gilbert, have been in prison since he was 14 months old, for a 1981 Weather Underground robbery in which two policemen and a guard were killed. The *Times* tells us soulfully of how Boudin and Gilbert "missed his Phi Beta Kappa award, high school graduation, Little League games"—but finds no need to mention the *nine* children left fatherless by their terrorism. As for Chesa, call him a chip off the old block. "We have a different name for the war we're fighting now," he says. "Now we call it the war on terrorism, then they called it the war on Communism. My parents were dedicated to fighting U.S. imperialism around the world. I'm dedicated to the same thing."

■ On June 6, 1989, Meryl Streep came to Washington to testify before Congress about the Alar-apple scare (later revealed as bogus). Streep informed the committee that she represented "the constituency of the great mass of uninformed." This constituency must have grown in affluence over the years, because now it can afford to send emissaries across the globe. Actor Sean Penn served as Ambassador of the Uninformed, visiting Iraq for three days. He met with Iraqi deputy prime minister Tariq Aziz and posed for photos at Iraqi hospitals. The Iraqi health minister gave Penn a hard time about his cigarette smoking (Baghdad really is just like L.A.!). Penn told reporters he was there to get the facts for himself. Of course, that is a difficult thing to do in a country where the minimum penalty for speaking out against the regime—especially to foreigners with cameras—is the amputation of your tongue. In October, Penn bought an ad in the *Washington Post* claiming that President Bush was stifling debate on the war in America. This gives us an idea: If Hollywood activists believe Hussein isn't so bad, why doesn't one of them test their faith by denouncing Saddam—maybe take out an ad in a Baghdad newspaper? Now that might be informative.

■ The new James Bond movie, *Die Another Day*, has per-

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formed the remarkable feat of uniting North and South Korea, though only in outrage. From the North, the Secretariat of the Committee for the Peaceful Reunification of the Fatherland called the film, in which Bond saves the world from a megalomaniac North Korean military officer, "a dirty and cursed burlesque aimed to insult the Korean nation." The movie, they added, proves that the U.S. is "the headquarters that spreads abnormality, degeneration, violence and . . . corrupt sex culture." Oh, and we are also "the root cause of all disasters and misfortune of the Korean nation" and "an empire of evil." Southerners, meanwhile, were scandalized by a scene in which Bond gets intimate with his female lead in a Buddhist temple. They take this to be an insult to their country's ancient religion. South Korea is a major market for American movies; North Korea is merely a major nuisance. Nice that we have given them something to agree on, though.

■ The excellent British novelist William Boyd (*A Good Man in Africa*) was hired to write a script for a TV historical docudrama about the young Adolf Hitler's days in Vienna before WWI. Actor Robert Carlyle was selected for the role of Hitler; writer/director Michael Radford was to direct. All was set, and the financial backers of the project, the Fox cable channel and Britain's BBC, had already spent $500,000, when Fox suddenly pulled out. Unable to go it alone financially, the BBC scrapped the project. The plug was pulled partly because of hostile commentary from Eric Mink of the *New York Times*, and protests from the Simon Wiesenthal Center and the Anti-Defamation League. The latter organization had taken particular exception to the idea that "people would spend talent, time and money to make this man human." The problem with all this, of course, is that Hitler *was* human. The pretense that evil on the Hitler scale is altogether outside the scope of human behavior is wishful thinking of the narrowest and most foolish sort. This movie should have been made. It may yet be: CBS has taken up a similar project, though with a different writer and director, to be shown in the new year.

■ Michael Beschloss, a valuable non-academic historian, has now given us *The Conquerors*, a bestselling account of Presidents Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman as wartime leaders. Much of this is based on newly available archive material in London, Moscow, and elsewhere. Beschloss has reopened the vexed matter of President Roosevelt's decision not to order the U.S. bombers to attack the rail links to the death factories or the camps themselves, which decision Beschloss considers gravely mistaken. But there was little support for the idea within the administration and none among the high command—for understandable reasons at the time. Between 1943 and 1945, attrition among our standard bombers was high for a number of reasons, including formation-flying and the lethal effectiveness of the German anti-aircraft guns. The defeat of Germany may have been inevitable after Stalingrad, but no one knew what it would cost in the lives of Allied personnel—or what surprises German science might have in store. The judgment call by the president was to devote 100 percent of our capacities to the war effort. There is plenty of evidence that FDR, a Hudson River aristocrat and man of his time, was a social anti-Semite, but this is irrelevant to his decision. Roosevelt's reputation as a war leader will survive this criticism. In 1940, he recognized what the dire consequences would be if England fell. He made the unpopular decision to provide England with 50 destroyers and he illegally ordered the Navy to chase U-boats 1,500 miles into the Atlantic. He will be remembered for his single-minded resolution from December 7, 1941, until his death, as well as his decision to build the A-bomb, which Truman had the resolution to use. His patriotism saw no substitute for victory, and for that we should all be thankful.

POLITICS

Vacant Lott

SEN. THURMOND turned 100 on December 5, when Sen. Lott said, "When Strom Thurmond ran for president, we [Mississippians] voted for him. We're proud of it. And if the rest of the country had followed our lead, we wouldn't have had all these problems over all these years, either." Lott's full retraction and apology did not come until a press conference on December 13. In the intervening eight days, Lott made apologies that were wimpy and clueless (including the classic formulation of the moral shoulder-shrugger—"I apologize to anyone who was offended by my statement"—in other words, *I'm not offensive, but if you're touchy, I'm sorry*). Eight days may not seem long, but in a news cycle driven by the instantaneous blogosphere, they are an eternity. Lott's lead-footed clumsiness unfits him to be the GOP choice for Senate majority leader.

Not that he was ever well-suited for the job. After the 1998 elections, in which the GOP lost ground, NR called Lott "better suited to the back bench," and urged Oklahoma senator Don Nickles to challenge him. Lott's main principles seem to be pork-barreling and institutional bonhomie (one of his defenders has been GOP renegade Jim Jeffords, who sang with Lott in a senatorial barbershop quartet). Whatever conservative principles he had related to race—opposition to race preferences, for instance—and whatever loyalty he felt to his colleagues have been tossed overboard in a grovel-fest during which he has implicitly suggested that the rest of the GOP needs a racial readjustment just like his. First he didn't apologize at all; now he apologizes for the wrong things.

Many of Lott's critics are motivated by opportunism. Democrats want a salve for their historic losses in November. They hope to use the Lott controversy to establish the premises for future victories: Their tally of his sins includes opposition to affirmative action, extension of the voting-rights act, and Martin Luther King Day—positions that can be justified by principle, federalism, or fiscal prudence. In

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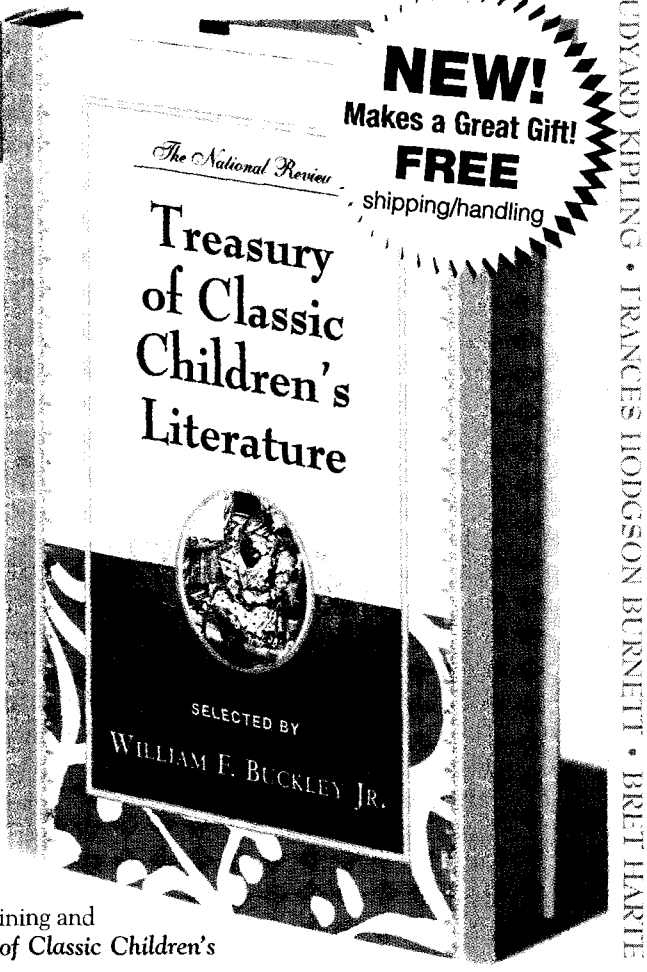

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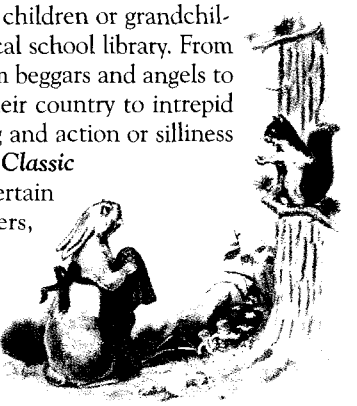

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reaming Lott, Democrats hold him to a different standard than they hold their own. George McGovern campaigned for another of the presidential candidates in 1948, FDR's former vice president Henry Wallace, whose candidacy was managed by Stalinists—not that Sen. McGovern or his party ever acknowledged that moral failure.

Is Sen. Lott a racist? Today, no; yesterday, by the standards of the time, yes. But this question, with its whiff of thought control, misses the point. If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand? We must not require public leaders to have spotless pasts, or spotless thoughts. We do require them to understand the gravity of recent history, to act accordingly, and when they act amiss, to know it without having the screws put to them.

The Dixiecrats of 1948 espoused some principles which, in the abstract, are laudable: support for small government, concern for states' rights. But their campaign occurred, not in the abstract, but in resistance to a nascent effort to change Southern institutions that reduced half the population to peonage. It should be possible to wish a centenarian happy birthday without embracing this dark episode. Republicans have a historic opportunity in Congress, even as the nation faces a historic challenge abroad. The GOP's majority in the Senate should be led by a better, less burdened man.

■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Mom's the word.

Apparently it has been determined that henceforth the word *mom* shall be used in all instances to denote the female parent instead of the previously used word that rhymes with "other."

It is not clear why the other M-word has been discredited and banished from the language. Undoubtedly it has something to do with political correctness.

It may be part of a *vast left-wing conspiracy.*

In any case, we will see headlines in the future such as these:

SADDAM HUSSEIN PREDICTS THE MOM OF ALL BATTLES

THE VATICAN CONSIDERS MOM TERESA FOR SAINTHOOD

GOLD MINERS IN AFRICA HOPE TO STRIKE THE MOM LODE SOON

MANY IMMIGRANTS CONTINUE TO SPEAK IN THEIR MOM TONGUE

MOM-OF-PEARL JEWELRY IS BECOMING MORE POPULAR

MOM GOOSE STORIES TO BE READ AT THE LIBRARY.

Perhaps your readers can supply additional candidates for headlines that we may see in the future.

Sincerely,
J. Walter Lynch
Athens, Ga.

Dear Mr. Lynch: No!!! You have given us quite enough.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Reader Horst Brakel (Oct. 28) has got it dead wrong concerning "if I were" and "if I was."

The former is appropriate in the subjunctive (as distinct from indicative) mood, applicable when describing a condition presupposed to be contrary to fact, e.g., "if I were king." The latter is used in the actual, non-subjunctive past tense, as in "I always called her from the office if I was going to be late." "If I had been" would surely not suffice in the latter example, and indeed is not the past tense, contrary to Mr. Brakel's assertion. It is the pluperfect tense, used to express action completed before a stated or implied past time, and is formed with the past participle of a verb and the auxiliary "had."

Mr. Brakel can be forgiven. He did not have my sainted and infallible mother to instruct him in these matters.

Thomas M. Mustin
Coronado, Calif.

Dear Mr. Mustin: Poor Mr. Brakel. You do mean an infallible *mom*?

Cordially, WFB

Dear Mr. Buckley: Perhaps Horst Brakel, in his seemingly blanket condemnation of *if I was,* is forgetting the distinction between the indicative and the subjunctive moods.

Certainly one would not use *if I was king* for the past form of the subjunctive *if I were king.* But *if I am to pass my exams, I will have to study harder* is the present indicative; to put this sentence into the past tense, one must also use the indicative: *If I was to pass my exams, I would have to study harder.* In this sentence, *if I was* is perfectly correct.

If I were Mr. Brakel, I would retrieve *if I was* from the scrap heap!

Jennifer Blakebrough-Raeburn
Lakewood, Colo.

Dear Ms. Blakebrough-Raeburn: Nicely done! This is a tough day for Brakel.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill (or Dear Mr. Buckley, as N&A usually goes): In regard to the comment from Sidney Zecher (Nov. 25)—"I didn't know that Christ spoke English!"—this puts me in mind of the Texas governor Ma Ferguson.

Asked if Texas schoolchildren should be bilingual, Ma answered: "If English was good enough for Jesus Christ, it's good enough for the schoolchildren of Texas."

Love,
Liz Smith
New York, N.Y.

Dear Liz: Did you ever think of doing glossolalia in English? It is extremely difficult, but that would not deter you. Berlitz has a total-immersion course in it, and if you can make the time, we can go together. That will end these foolish arguments.

Love, Bill
—WFB

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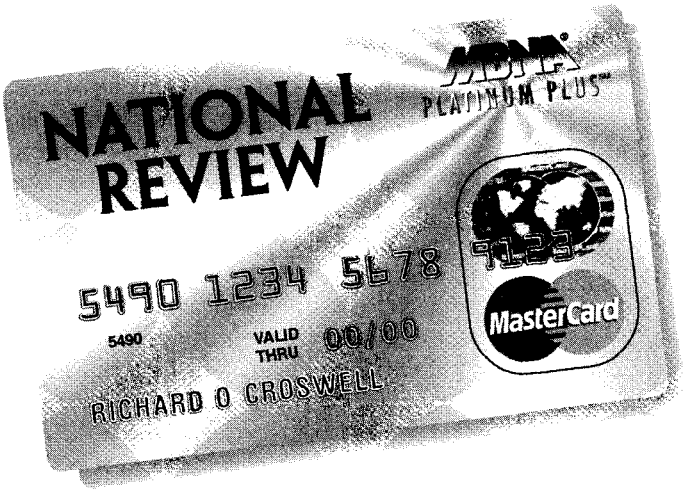

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■ POLITICS ■

Dixie Blues

Making sense of Lott—and the South

RICHARD BROOKHISER

TRENT LOTT is toast, whether he stays on the plate or not. What does his immolation say about history, and memory?

The Lott episode highlighted two periods in American history—the civil rights movement and, behind it, the Civil War. (The storm blew up when Lott praised Strom Thurmond, Dixiecrat candidate for president in 1948; one of the killer quotes employed against Lott was a line of praise he had uttered about Jefferson Davis.) Each period raises a question about the Constitution, and about the natural force of change.

The Dixiecrats claimed to be for states' rights within the union, and at least one unbiased observer took them seriously. The 1948 campaign was the last one H. L. Mencken covered. He wished that Thurmond could be on the Maryland ballot so he could vote for him as an advocate of small government. Mencken was a longtime enemy of the revived Klan, and of segregation in his home state, so his praise of Thurmond cannot be attributed to racial animus. With characteristic bile, he added that the South had come late to small government, having swilled at the federal trough throughout the New Deal.

The constitutional claim of the Confederates was more radical—they asserted a right to secede—and yet it is less interesting, because it was relatively commonplace. Before 1860, secession was the last resort of whoever felt his ox was being gored. In the 1840s, abolitionists petitioned Congress to break up the union on the grounds that the North was being "drained to sustain" the South; New England Federalists threatened secession at the Hartford Convention as a protest against the War of 1812; at the Constitutional Convention, Gunning Bedford of Delaware said that the little states might well call in foreign allies if the big states pushed them too hard. Since 1865, the

Trent Lott by Roman Genn

argument that states have a right to go their own way has seemed nonsensical, and no doubt it always was: According to our first constitution, the Articles of Confederation, the union was "perpetual." Yet if some secessionists had made good on their threats, the doctrine of extreme states' rights would have acquired thereby the authority of success.

The deeper issue raised by both the Dixiecrats and the Civil War is whether the currents of history need help. Would slavery and segregation have disappeared in the course of things? The Rev. William Sloane Coffin, a classic northeastern lefty clergyman, wondered ruefully in his memoirs whether baseball, football, basketball, and the armed forces had done more to integrate America than all the freedom rides and sit-ins of the Fifties and Sixties (he might have added popular music to his list of practical reformers). Was activism worthwhile? But political institutions can fight long rearguard actions, which can be beaten only by equal and opposing political counterforces.

In the run-up to the Civil War, the case is clearer. Nostalgic defenders of the Confederacy say that the South would have shed the peculiar institution in its own time, unpressured by meddling Yankees. But American slavery was expanding in the mid 19th century, both morally and geographically. The Founding Fathers thought of slavery as an evil that should wither over time. This was the language of Washington and Jefferson, to say nothing of Franklin, Adams, and Hamilton. Seven of the original thirteen states abolished, or began to abolish, slavery in the founding period; slavery was forbidden in the old Northwest; the slave trade was made eligible for extinction in 1808, and, at President Jefferson's recommendation, was extinguished.

The turning point came in 1820. Missouri was petitioning for admission to the union, the first state carved entirely out of the tabula rasa of the west. The debate over whether it should be a slave state or a free state was long and intense. In the midst of it, Secretary of War John C. Calhoun told Secretary of State John Quincy Adams that slavery had "many excellent consequences." For example, "it was the best guarantee to equality among the whites." Freedom is slavery, as George Orwell would write. This was perhaps the first time that a famous American, due to become more famous, argued that slavery was a positive good. For the next 30 years, similar arguments came thick and fast. So did efforts to win territory for new slave states. The Crittenden/Nelson compromise, the last effort by southern "moderates" to avert the Civil War, proposed that slavery be permitted south of the Missouri border, in all then-existing states and in any "hereafter acquired." The South sought, in other words, a license to conquer Central America and the Caribbean, to maintain the peculiar institution. The Republican party fought the election of 1860 to contain slavery's onward march, and put it on the road to ultimate extinction. The war began because the slave-state radicals would not be contained.

Did every soldier, North or South, line up on one side or the other of this question? No—wars are almost always fought for mixed motives. But understanding the nature of the Civil War is essential in judging its rightness, which in turn controls the question of how the contestants should be remembered. According to

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David W. Blight's *Race and Reunion*, post–Civil War America saw three attempts to explain the catastrophe. Emancipationists remembered the war as, in Lincoln's words, "a new birth of freedom." Reconciliationists remembered the valor of the combatants. White supremacists hoped that the South would rise again in rolling back Reconstruction. "The challenge" for American memory, according to Mackubin Thomas Owens in a review of Blight for *The Claremont Review*, "is to link emancipation with reconciliation." Noble words. What happened instead, in the late 19th century, was an alliance of reconciliation and white supremacy, which held that both sides were brave, and both sides were equally right.

If the South was wrong, then some southerners must be to blame. Harry Jaffa, the doughty Unionist gadfly, seems to be laying the groundwork for putting the responsibility on the southern political class, which taught its followers that their freedom depended on slavery. For Robert E. Lee and Virgil Caine to be noble, Calhoun and Jefferson Davis must be malicious. But the North was also at fault—slave traders and mill owners made huge profits out of the peculiar institution. Lincoln's Second Inaugural speaks of the waste and bloodshed as a judgment on both halves of the nation. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh."

The last refuge of WASP pride would be for northern and southern whites together to take all the responsibility. As Wendell Berry wrote, in a grim and sprightly little poem entitled "Anglo-Saxon Protestant Heterosexual Men": "We are the last hope of earth / for we have no excuses, / nobody to blame but ourselves." But this leaves black Americans awaiting whatever moral windfall the white folks determine. Many blacks were free, even during the Civil War, and even slaves had agency. Many fled bondage; many, from affection, familiarity, or fear, stayed put. Analogous options have been available in the decades since Appomattox.

And the Americans who came here yesterday, or whose grandparents came here after the ruckus was over? They live here too, and they make choices. Trent Lott is not the only man with a lot of thinking to do. **NR**

■ **PUBLIC POLICY** ■

Drug Bust

Killing the golden goose

KATE O'BEIRNE

In an unprecedented series of 60-second radio spots in Michigan last fall, the head of Pfizer's Ann Arbor research labs told listeners about the wonders and woes of pharmaceutical research. David Canter's scientists had objected to being cast as villains by Michigan politicians railing against the high costs of drugs, so he took to the airwaves to explain the realities of what it costs to produce pharmaceuticals. He made a compelling case—pointing out, for example, that dry holes are all too common in research: "Just one out of every 25 drugs we try to develop succeeds, and the one success has to pay for the 24 failures."

■

The pharmaceutical industry will be up against a very hostile audience in the new year.

■

Betsy Raymond, a spokesman for Pfizer, further points out that the company's researchers "don't spend 15 years developing a medicine so that people who need it can't have it." Drug companies don't want to spend an average of $800 million to bring a new drug to market only to see a generic-drug company offer a cheaper rip-off, or face price controls that would prevent them from recouping their enormous investment.

In the new year, however, when Congress will debate whether to add a drug benefit to Medicare, the pharmaceutical industry will be up against a very hostile audience. Polls have found that almost 80 percent of the public supports price controls on drugs, while a majority believes that people have a right to affordable drugs, that prices are too high, and that price controls would have no negative consequences. Given their constituents' conviction that they can receive something for nothing, politicians are—unsurprisingly—willing to deliver what the public seemingly wants.

The Senate has already passed legislation to allow the re-importation of U.S.-made drugs from price-controlled Canada. Other measures against the drug companies are being advanced in both the House and the Senate. State lawmakers, too, are doing their best to cripple drug innovation: Republicans in New York are touting a bill that would make it a felony to sell any drug in the state at a higher price than any other charged worldwide.

The drug companies recently even had to fight off a serious threat from the putatively friendly Bush administration: During World Trade Organization negotiations in Geneva in November, it seemed that U.S. Trade Representative Robert Zoellick was going to acquiesce to a popular proposal that would effectively have stripped patent protections from U.S. companies for virtually any drug. Last year, the WTO agreed to allow poor countries to ignore drug patents when faced with epidemics like HIV. (Of course, largely owing to the assault on patents for AIDS drugs, the number of these drugs in development has fallen by 33 percent over the past five years.) This year, a majority of countries wanted to extend the patent grab to any self-declared epidemic: Egypt argued it should include erectile dysfunction. Having crippled their own drug industries, these countries are determined to do the same to the U.S. companies now responsible for the development of more major new drugs than the rest of the top ten industrial countries combined. A drug-company insider is convinced that the industry was spared the devastating blow only because a negative *Wall Street Journal* editorial was handed to one of the American negotiators—in the nick of time—over breakfast in Geneva.

The industry's case against crippling new regulations is compelling, but its overall P.R. campaign so far is failing. There appears to be a backlash against those ubiquitous, gauzy ads that feature

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older couples happily strolling along the beach owing to some new prescription drug that has boosted their well-being; foes of the industry are asking why money is devoted to ads instead of toward reducing drug prices. And the issue-oriented ads aren't faring much better: One industry lobbyist in Washington sees them as a naïve attempt merely to avoid being demonized as the tobacco industry has been. The tobacco industry, of course, was vilified because it had a dangerous product for which it didn't charge enough. The pharmaceutical industry is in a different situation entirely: It is accused of having a terrific product that it should be willing to give away.

The tobacco industry does, however, offer valuable lessons for the drug companies on how to fight back. Four years ago, when Congress was primed to pass huge new tobacco taxes and saddle the industry with new liability and regulations, they fought back with a $45 million ad campaign that killed the legislation by labeling it a big-government, high-tax monstrosity. The pharmaceutical industry's frustrated supporters would like to see a similar attempt to educate the public now, with such lines as, "Price controls are hazardous to your health," "There is no such thing as a free cure," and "We're not expensive, disease is expensive."

■

Before a drug company hits a 'gusher,' they have to drill many costly dry holes.

■

Grace-Marie Turner, president of the Galen Institute, explains that although drug costs represent only 9 percent of health spending, they wind up being a lightning rod for overall costs because the prices are so visible in over-the-counter purchases. Another factor is that outpatient spending on prescription drugs almost doubled between 1990 and 1998—but surveys indicate that higher prices for existing drugs are responsible for only a quarter of the increased expenditures. Drugs account for a larger share of health spending because more people are using them, and because there has been a shift to newer, more expensive drugs.

One realistic way to reduce future health costs is actually to *increase* the use of new drug therapies. New drugs are increasingly preventive in nature: Owing to new anti-ulcer drugs that cost, on average, $900 a year, a growing number of people avoid ulcer surgery—which has an average price tag of $28,000. Many patients can avoid expensive, full-blown heart disease thanks to new drugs that control high cholesterol and blood pressure. But before a drug company hits one of these "gushers," they have to drill many costly dry holes. In 1980, the member companies of the Pharmaceutical Research

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and Manufacturers of America spent $2 billion on research; last year they spent over $30 billion.

During the lengthy research process, capital is tied up for 12 to 15 years, and about 80 percent of the drugs that are experimented with fail to develop. To keep the research system going, there has to be a big payoff with one of the rare successful new drugs to compensate for the huge risks to capital, and to cover the costs of research on the drugs that never make it to market. The public doesn't appreciate the risks that confront the pharmaceutical industry, in part because they view drugs as fundamentally different from other consumer products. The Manhattan Institute's Robert Goldberg recognizes this public attitude, and says that it should be channeled toward demands for increased drug coverage—instead of the current focus on making the industry a public utility, which would only end up strangling innovation. The public wants to pay less for the current terrific products that so benefit their lives, but fails to appreciate what it could lose if those regulations went into effect. There are over 400 new anti-cancer drugs being researched; scores of others are being studied in the hope of treating Alzheimer's and diabetes. Which of these does the public want to see canceled for lack of research funds?

The pharmaceutical industry can best defend itself by recruiting the public to the cause of protecting the miracle of medical progress. The drug companies should get those strolling couples off the beach, and instead hit the beaches with an aggressive campaign to inform an ignorant public and Congress. **NR**

WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT

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■ ABROAD ■

It's Not Islam

Muslims can be free and democratic

ADRIAN KARATNYCKY

A WORLD wracked by acts of terror. Embattled civic forces victimized by violent political gangs. Endless wars resulting in the deaths of millions. Megalomaniacal leaders who seek to expand power through invasion and subversion. Militarized societies characterized by torture, intimidation, and repression. Genocide and mass murder of civilian populations. Millenarian ideologies that claim to provide answers to all of humankind's vexing problems, and offer the snake-oil promise of rapid solutions to poverty and underdevelopment. Virulent anti-Semitism and scorn for the values of democracy, minority rights, and tolerance.

These phenomena are part of the recent history of wide swaths of the Islamic and Arabic worlds. Yet in the middle of the last century, the very same phenomena characterized the worlds of Christendom and Europe. Indeed, while Europe today seems a contented and sleepy zone of democracy, stability, prosperity, and peace, just two generations ago many observers were convinced that Europe was inherently inclined to dictatorship, warfare, extremism, and group hatred.

Europe's dramatic transformation reflects the triumph of democratic values. But it came at an enormous price. The struggle against fascism and Communism in Europe was waged at great cost over more than half a century; it encompassed wars hot and cold, containment, economic competition, the battle of ideas, and clandestine support for democratic opposition movements. But whatever the mechanisms employed in the struggle, Europe's democratic transformation required the utter defeat of its aggressive and absolutist ideologies.

Today the Islamic world—and by extension the rest of us—faces similar threats from two kindred totalitarian ideologies. One—Ba'athism—is secular and quasi-socialist, inspired by the organizational principles of Marxism-Leninism. The other—revolutionary Islamism—resembles fascism in linking radical social ideas with deeply ingrained conservative religious values. These movements are similar to their European counterparts in a number of ways. Ba'athism, a variant of Arab nationalism, and revolutionary Islamism, which seeks to create a universal theocratic Islamic caliphate (khilafah), are hostile to democracy and the free market; they prescribe specific models of social and political organization so intrusive in their impositions on ordinary life as to be totalitarian; they anathematize rival groups and subject political opponents to extreme violence and repression.

The parallels are not coincidental. Ba'athism and revolutionary Islamism were shaped by a handful of ideologues born within five years of one another at the start of the 20th century, who came to political maturity in the period when fascism and Communism were on the rise as political forces. The major ideologists of revolutionary Islamism and Ba'athism consciously adopted the tactics and organizational ideas of fascist and Communist movements.

It is the legacy of these men that today menaces the world. Mawlana Mawdudi, of the Indian subcontinent, was the precursor of today's Pakistani Islamic militants and of the Deobandi madrassas in which the leaders and foot soldiers of the Taliban were trained. Egypt's Hassan al-Banna, a schoolteacher, was the ideological founder of the Arabic world's militant Islamism; the Muslim Brotherhood movement he created was given renewed impetus after his execution by Egyptian authorities through the writings of another ideologue, Sayyid Qutb, who is regarded as the main philosophical inspiration of al-Qaeda

Mr. Karatnycky is president of Freedom House, which monitors political rights and civil liberties around the world.

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and its leaders Ayman al-Zawahiri and Osama bin Laden. The Muslim Brothers were expelled from Egypt and settled in the 1960s in Saudi Arabia, where they made common cause with the Wahhabis, integrated themselves into the Saudi educational system, and used emerging Saudi oil riches to spread revolutionary Islamist ideas worldwide. The Iranian cleric Ruhollah Khomeini's teachings—a synthesis of militant Third World radicalism derived in part from the writings of Frantz Fanon—have held Iran in the thrall of a militant theocratic tyranny since 1979. The ideologues of Ba'athism—Syria's Michel Aflaq and Salah al-Din Bitar—were from the same generation and learned from the same models. Their movement exalted the ruling party much as the Communists and fascists had; their ideology now rules Syria and Iraq, and has influence in Libya and Lebanon as well.

These movements have achieved significant successes in visiting destruction and mayhem on the world—but they have not thus far achieved the kind of regional dominance that fascism and Communism did in Europe in the 20th century. The power of jihadist Islamism is extensive but is facing widespread resistance. The revolutionary Islamists captured state power in Afghanistan, Iran, and Sudan—but were defeated in Afghanistan, rejected by a vast majority of the citizenry in Iran, and are under pressure in Sudan. Their movement exerts strong influence in Pakistan, but the extremist parties won only 11 percent of the vote in the November elections. Extremist Islamism emerged as a powerful and destructive force in Algeria, but there, too, it lost public backing upon embarking in the 1990s on senseless carnage directed at innocent civilians.

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The power of jihadist Islamism is extensive but is facing widespread resistance.

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The revolutionary Islamist ideology is behind the rising tide of suicide bombings in Israel and Palestine and terror attacks elsewhere in the world. Yet Gilles Kepel, the renowned French scholar of Islam, argues that revolutionary Islamism's turn to mass terrorism is evidence of its weakness, of its inability to attain power by building broad public support and winning elections. Ba'athism, too, is already a waning force and is likely to be dealt a further heavy blow in Iraq in the near future.

There is further cause for cautious optimism. Recent polls show that Arabs and Muslims, while more culturally conservative and religious than most of the democratic world, share many of the same aspirations for freedom and democracy that we do. It's also a positive that the Arab countries tend to be ethnically homogenous: It's easier to make democracy work in societies that don't have violent ethnic animosities. A number of Arab countries possess significant wealth and have achieved relatively high levels of economic development, making it possible to avoid the instability that often arises from grinding poverty. Moreover, these societies possess the immense untapped potential of women, who have long been denied their proper place in political and economic life.

The West has a crucial role to play in these developments. For many years the U.S. and the rest of the democratic world were hesitant to apply to Arab countries the kind of pressure for democratic change that was so helpful in Central and Eastern Europe, Latin America, and parts of Asia. But this policy is beginning to change—witness Colin Powell's December 12 speech at the Heritage Foundation and President Bush's West Point speech last June.

Our strategy will become stronger if it emphasizes that there is nothing inherently Islamic or Arabic about dictatorship and tyranny—that, just like the citizens of Europe, today's Muslims have the prerequisites for entering the democratic community of nations. But the defeat of revolutionary Islamism and Ba'athism will require the same multidimensional approach as the efforts that led to the vanquishing of Communism and fascism. Those ideologies were defeated by a combination of approaches—military, political, economic, and cultural. Effective opposition to European totalitarianism involved speaking directly to the populations living in closed societies, using international radio broadcasting and other measures. Central to this effort was significant material and moral support to democratic voices—in recent years, through such instruments as the National Endowment for Democracy and USAID. A solid commitment to market economics was also crucial to success. An understanding of the need for a similarly comprehensive and integrated approach is beginning to emerge within the administration and in Congress; it needs to spread to our natural allies in the rest of the democratic world.

To assert that the challenge in the Arabic and Islamic worlds is totalitarian is not to engage in semantics. A proper understanding of the political and ideological challenge can help in constructing appropriate responses to defeat these evils. In short, the search for an effective policy to confront the freedom deficit in the Arab and Muslim worlds requires taking a look at Europe's recent and tragic past. **NR**

The Right Reaction
NATIONAL REVIEW

"I'm not a political conservative, but one of my favorite publications is William F. Buckley's National Review."

—Liz Smith, from her syndicated column

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■ ABROAD II ■

Isle of War

England's social collapse

THEODORE DALRYMPLE

FOR many years, Britons consoled themselves for their loss of global influence with the reflection that at least they lived in a civilized and relatively crime-free country, unlike the all-conquering Americans, whose savagery and violence was the subject of condescending self-congratulation. In like fashion, Americans tended to think that Britain was an admirably law-abiding and honest society, unlike their own.

Things have changed dramatically in the last few decades, though perceptions lag behind. From being one of the most crime-free societies that have ever existed, Britain has gone straight to the top of the crime standings. Figures recently published by the United Nations show that Britons are now several times more likely to be the victim of every kind of violent crime, with the admittedly important exception of murder, than Americans. No house is safe from theft, no car, no possession whatsoever.

One sign of the general reign of insecurity in Britain is the traffic jams on our roads in the mornings and afternoons during the school year. Ninety percent of British children are now driven to school by their parents, all other means of going there being too dangerous. During school vacations, our roads are much freer of traffic.

Of course, it is the poorer sections of society that are most affected by the crime tsunami. (Burglars are lazy or stupid or simply poorly supplied with transport: They mainly burgle the houses of people who live near them.) It is extremely difficult to get this rather elementary fact into the heads of the British intelligentsia, which for decades has preferred to believe that, by siding with the criminals rather than with their victims, and by promoting measures that have made it ever more difficult to catch and punish criminals, it is expressing sympathy for the poor. In fact, the poor need the protection of the police and the law far more than the rich do.

Large areas of Britain are now effectively beyond the reach of the law. My patients not infrequently relate that their houses have been broken into three times in a year. The criminals are merciless and have no respect for age, or compassion for the unfortunate. They will rob people in wheelchairs and wait outside banks for the elderly and infirm to emerge. An old working-class patient of mine, who lived through the Depression and lost members of her family during the war, both in the armed services and during air raids, has been robbed and burgled so many times that she now treats all her possessions as temporary or disposable. The mentally handicapped are favored prey, as they cannot fight back and hardly even realize what is happening to them. If there is honor among thieves, I have yet to see it.

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Britain has gone straight to the top of the crime standings.

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The level of violence in British society beggars description. Last night, the body of a man who had been shot dead was unceremoniously dumped outside the door of my hospital. When I was in training as a doctor—not so very many years ago—I would be called to the emergency room to see a man with a stab-wound because it was felt by my teachers that there would not be many chances for me to see another such injury, so rare were incidents of violence at the time.

Casual violence is now woven into the fabric British life. No baseball is played in Britain, and it is all but impossible to buy a baseball here, but sales of baseball bats are extremely strong, as weapons against one's neighbors. Whenever a young man tells me that he has suffered a head injury such as a fractured skull, I ask, "Baseball bat?" to which the answer, nine times out of ten, is yes.

Likewise, machetes are sold in large numbers, though sugar cane does not generally grow in our slums. Machete wounds, by contrast, are commonplace. In some areas, the majority of children as young as seven and eight carry knives, and are ready—perhaps "eager" would be a better word—to use them. No sensible adult would dare any longer to challenge the misbehavior on buses and elsewhere of children older than seven or eight: As a nation, we are now scared of our own children. This is because they are well aware of their own legal impunity, and are ready to take advantage of it.

Impunity and judicial leniency create a vicious circle. The Metropolitan Police report that more than a half of all summonsed witnesses to crimes do not show up at trial for fear of reprisals by criminals, their families, and friends. Many of the prisoners on remand in the prison where I work assure me that they will be acquitted for lack of evidence: Not that there is any such lack of evidence against them, but that there is no one to testify. A man has little to lose by intimidating witnesses, for even if caught—the chances of which are slight—he will be dealt with leniently.

I am not talking here of members of organized-crime syndicates, but rather of the ordinary petty criminals who have proliferated in working-class areas. Anyone who complains to the police in such areas of having had his house burgled, or of having been viciously attacked, is known and treated as an informer. It is thus the moral duty of every freeborn Englishman to allow his house to be burgled and his person to be assaulted without demur.

The aggressiveness of the everyday demeanor of the British will astonish every visitor, when only a few decades ago precisely the opposite quality would have astonished him. The visitor will pass thousands of people in the street who look like coiled springs, ready to take offense and lash out on the slightest pretext. In a matter of a few years, we have grown accustomed to the fact that any disagreement, no matter how trivial, can swiftly erupt into violence.

Not long ago, I attended coroner's court for the inquest on a man who had repeatedly cut open his own abdomen with a knife. Eventually he died of sep-

Dr. Dalrymple's latest book is *Life at the Bottom: The Worldview That Makes the Underclass*. He is a contributing editor of *City Journal*.

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ticemia in my hospital, but the family, instead of recognizing that cutting open one's abdomen repeatedly is a dangerous way to conduct oneself, and carries obvious risks, blamed the doctors entirely for their dear one's death. The medical witnesses at the inquest, including me, had to be ushered out of the back entrance of the court, and slink away like thieves in the night, to avoid being attacked by members of the family. The court usher told me that this was now more or less standard practice, or at least had very frequently to be done. Only a few years ago, this was inconceivable.

Whenever British youth foregathers in any numbers, an air of menace invariably results, as if violence could break out at any moment—as indeed it could, even when the youth in question is of educated, middle-class origin. The emergency rooms of our hospitals on Friday and Saturday nights make most civil wars I have traveled through—and I have traveled through a number—seem quite tame. Hospital security guards wear stab-proof jackets; the police who permanently man my hospital wear bullet-proof vests. But still the violence continues against hospital staff.

In the face of what amounts to a social catastrophe, the British intelligentsia maintains a Buddha-like calm. Its complacency makes Mr. Pecksniff seem like a paragon of self-examination. First it denies that there is anything to worry about (moral panic, it disdainfully calls any attention drawn to the violence of everyday life in Britain). Then it says that there hasn't really been an increase in crime, for in Elizabethan times the English were known everywhere in Europe as a passionate, violent, quick-tempered, red-haired people. Finally, it falls back on that Maginot line of liberal theorizing, social injustice. It isn't really the fault of the criminals: rather, it is the fault of everyone else, for maintaining an unjust social order.

In a relatively short span of time, I have observed my country degenerate from civilization to savagery. What has been even more painful to me is to have observed the absolute indifference with which the process has been accepted by the very people who might have been expected—and indeed whose duty it was—to oppose it. This, surely, is true decadence. **NR**

■ **CULTURE WATCH** ■

Christmas Bombing

The annual assault on religious freedom

ROD DREHER

It used to be that the most dependably dreadful holiday traditions were relatively benign, like the Return of the Undead Fruitcake, passed around uneaten from generation to generation, or the *Andy Williams Christmas Special*, that especially cheesy slice of Yuletide splendor. These days, however, nothing signals the approach of Noel more reliably than assorted right-thinking jackasses forbidding any public acknowledgement of Jesus' birth, out of fear that someone, somewhere, will be offended. It has become an American civic tradition.

In New York City, Andrea Skoros, a Catholic mother of two public-school children, has filed a federal lawsuit against the city's schools, arguing that their ban on Nativity scenes amounts to religious discrimination. According to the Board of Education's lawyer, "The display of *secular* [emphasis his] holiday symbol decorations is permitted. Such symbols include, but are not limited to, Christmas trees, Menorahs, and the Star and Crescent."

Now, a reasonable person might wonder why a menorah, which is key to the Jewish celebration of Hanukkah, and the star-and-crescent, which symbolizes Islam, count as "secular," whereas a Nativity scene counts as "religious." Richard Thompson, president of the Thomas More Law Center, a Michigan group that joined the Catholic mother in filing the suit, says the policy demonstrates "callous indifference to the religious liberty and rights of Christians."

The schools are pointing to judicial precedent. In *County of Allegheny* v. *ACLU of Greater Pittsburgh* (1989), the Supreme Court considered what to do about a crèche in front of the Allegheny County courthouse, and a Christmas tree displayed beside a menorah outside another city building. The Christmas tree and the menorah were allowed, the crèche was not. But, in fact, the Court's distinction was not based on declaring the menorah secular and the crèche religious; rather, the Court considered the context in which the symbols were displayed. It ruled that the crèche standing alone could be construed as government endorsement of a particular religion, whereas a multiplicity of symbols exhibited together could not be. "When it comes to things in a public school, the court is going to be stricter, there's no question," says Charles Haynes, senior scholar at the First Amendment Center in Arlington, Va. "But I think [the Board of Education] is misreading the Supreme Court decision."

Another problem is the lack of clarity in the Court's religious-freedom jurisprudence. "The Supreme Court has been notorious for its inconstancy in trying to express Establishment Clause principles of law. Basically, it's all over the place," says Pat Korten of the Becket Fund, a Washington, D.C.-based legal organization that defends religious-liberty cases. As a result, different circuit courts interpret the justices' decisions in different ways—and that's why these Nativity-scene cases keep coming up, year after year. "They've been getting a little better at it in the last year or two," Korten continues, but "there's [still] room enough out there for local ACLU chapters to see if they can press their cases."

Despite this, the pro-crèche plaintiffs are likely to prevail in New York, according to several lawyers who specialize in free-speech litigation. "The courts have been very clear that when government gets into the business of deciding what is and isn't religious, they're entangling themselves with religion," says John Whitehead of the Rutherford Institute.

This entanglement puts even well-meaning public officials in a difficult bind at Christmastime. Bureaucrats are not notable for fearlessness, and there is no shortage of secularist Scrooges ready to make trouble for them in court and with the media; your average time-serving Man in the Grey Poly-Blend Suit may figure it's better to ban *all* religious-tinged speech than to have the ACLU come a-wassailing with a subpoena. First Amend-

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ment experts say this response is depressingly common.

It happened this year to Angelo Petrone, the interim public-schools superintendent in Yonkers, N.Y. He sent a memo out in early December instructing teachers to remove all Christmas and Hanukkah-specific decorations from their classrooms. Teachers had to disassemble bulletin boards festooned with children's artwork. Parents—not one of whom had complained about the holiday decorations—were outraged. Petrone quickly backtracked, saying (unpersuasively) he had only meant for them to "have sensitivity to the diversity in the district," and to use "common sense."

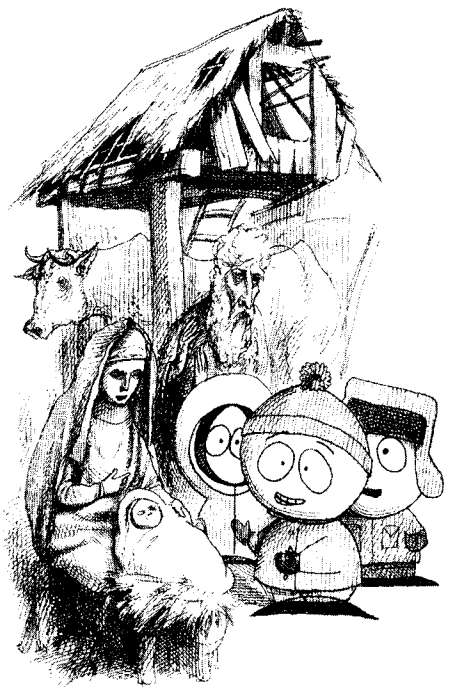
Petrone demands the metaphysically impossible: You cannot be "sensitive" and "diverse" as contemporary America understands these terms, and simultaneously use common sense. Bill Donohue, head of the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights, which is party to the crèche lawsuit in New York, has a knack for identifying the contradictions. He points out, for example, the contrast in public schools between tolerance for sexual explicitness and intolerance for the Christian faith, and asks the piquant question: "You can't have Baby Jesus, but you can have a condom on a cucumber?"

The question is not merely rhetorical. The First Amendment Center's Haynes says the public schools have become a battleground because many Christians believe the schools have become not neutral about religion, but actively hostile to their own faith. "This fight isn't about the tree, or the menorah, or the crèche. This is a fight about whose schools are these, and whose country is this. People feel left out, they feel hurt, and small incidents become huge because they feel like this is the only way they're going to be heard."

And the campaign to take Christ out of Christmas is not just about public buildings; it's all over the culture, with the social pressure to suppress the religious aspect of the holiday ratcheting up. Korten says that many Americans, in their zeal to be more sensitive than thou, have come to regard religion as the intellectual equivalent of secondhand smoke. "You know, 'Go over there in the corner and do it where nobody can see you,'" Korten says. "They're trying to force it into circumstances that are as private as humanly possible, and that is ridiculous."

Some resistance is developing. Canada's *National Post* has been running a salutary series of articles detailing the ways in which what one professor calls "the umbrage industry" has been strong-arming Christianity to the sidelines. The paper revealed that The Gap had a policy (now abandoned) forbidding its employees to wish customers "Merry Christmas"; that a longstanding gift-box program run by Evangelicals seeking presents for Third World children was under fire for allegedly being a front for religious conversion; that the Royal Canadian Mint had unbaptized its "Twelve Days of Christmas" program by renaming it "Twelve Days of Giving"; and so forth. There's no end to this foolishness.

Or is there? In the Canadian Midwest, Manitoba premier Gary Doer became a folk hero by renaming the "Multicultural Tree" in the lobby of the provincial legislature. It is now called—wait for it—the "Christmas Tree." Little acts of rebellion mean a lot. S. Renee Mitchell, a black columnist for the Portland *Oregonian*, wrote recently that the multicultural mind-games her little boy's school had been playing with him had left him feeling guilty about celebrating Christmas. This mother did not appreciate the "self-appointed thought police" ruining Christmas for her son, and said so: "We're stampeding so hard to embrace every other religious holiday that we're trampling on our own traditions. God forbid if we asked Muslims to change Ramadan."



By Roman Genn

Mitchell is on to something with that last comment. The best way to fight for fair treatment of Christians is to use the multiculturalist nannies' own logic against them. This is Bill Donohue's bread and butter, and the Catholic League president cuts his co-religionists no slack for refusing to defend themselves and their faith tradition. Says Donohue, "Christians are such wimps."

Another satisfying, though thus far underused, way to spite the diversity killjoys is through satire. The mother of all anti–P.C. holiday fare is the Christmas episode of *South Park*, the cheerfully vulgar cartoon program on Comedy Central. As one chuckling religious-liberties activist put it, "Everything you want is right there in that episode."

In the program, the townspeople go at one another's throats over what symbols can and can't be used in the children's Christmas play. In order to pacify quarreling Jews, Catholics, and tree-huggers, the mayor orders his people to come up with "the most non-offensive Christmas ever." The school even takes away Christmas lights "because they might offend people with epilepsy."

The actual pageant, billed "The Happy Non-Offensive, Non-Denominational Christmas Play," ends up featuring minimalist composer Philip Glass playing hideous avant-garde music. The audience erupts in rage—until they are calmed by the advent of a sprightly Yuletide figure called Mr. Hankey, who tells them to get over themselves, to quit focusing on what's wrong with Christmas, and instead celebrate the joy and fellowship of the season. (The program's coda extends the critique, showing a lonely Jesus with a birthday cake, having to sing "Happy Birthday" to himself.)

It's side-splitting stuff, mostly because Mr. Hankey is—how to put this?—talking fecal matter. And yet, there is a serious point here: What does it mean when the message given by a cartoon Christmas poo is more reasonable and humane than the humorless, uptight nonsense of the umbrage industry? I'm not sure they would like each other, but when it comes to welcoming the manger into the public square, Bill Donohue and Mr. Hankey are natural allies. **NR**

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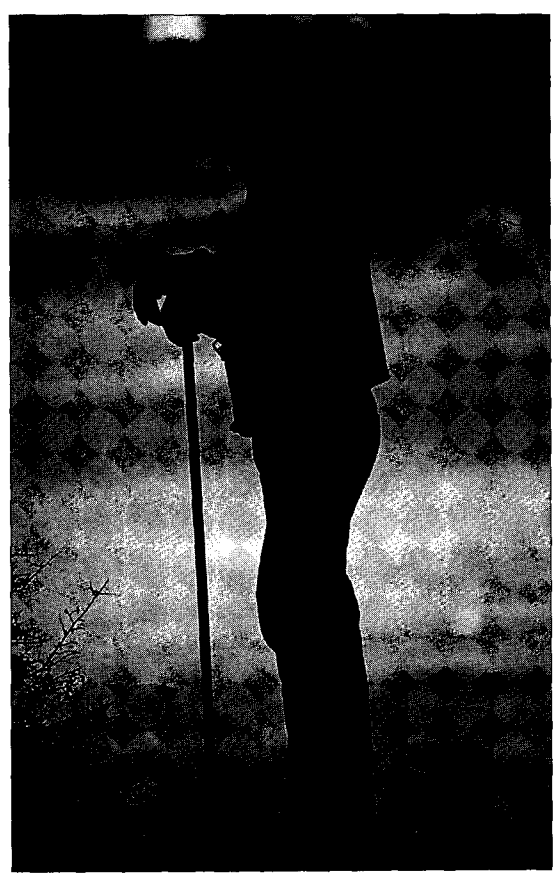
■ COVER STORY ■

Off the Rez

It's time to close the Indian reservations

JOHN J. MILLER

"If you want to start a business on the reservation, here's what you have to do," says Mark St. Pierre, executive director of the Pine Ridge Chamber of Commerce, on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota. "First you have to go to the tribal government to see if there's an appropriate piece of land for you. Nothing's been set aside for business development, so this is harder than it sounds. If you do identify a piece of land, you apply for a five-year lease, which won't help you with the banks because they prefer 25-year leases. Next, your application goes before the tribal land committee, which often doesn't have a single businessperson on it. This part can get very political, and it matters who's in your family. If the committee approves your application, then it must go before the Bureau of Indian Affairs. This is usually a rubber stamp, except that it can take months or more than a year before you actually receive it. If the BIA signs off, you're finally done. And what does it give you? A short-term lease on a bare piece of prairie."



It's no wonder, then, that few businesses get started on the Pine Ridge reservation. The reservation's boundaries box in an area about the size of Rhode Island, just south of the desolate Badlands. Nowhere in its rolling spaces is there a store to buy shoes. There's not a single bank, hotel, or movie theater within its borders, either. Many of its tiny towns don't even have a barbershop. Yet the place is home to about 41,000 Lakota Indians (also known as the Oglala Sioux). They are the direct descendants of Crazy Horse, Red Cloud, and Sitting Bull—some of the fiercest fighters to roam the Great Plains. Yet none of them can walk into a store on their own reservation and purchase a pair of pants, because nobody sells them.

Most communities of any size have a chamber of commerce building. St. Pierre makes do in just a single room, with two desks, a table, and a dry-erase chalkboard. Sometimes there's nobody around to answer the phone, which isn't a big problem because there aren't too many incoming calls. St. Pierre works hard at what he does—his chamber has grown to nearly a hundred members since it was founded three years ago—but it's tough to get recognition. "If there's a chamber of commerce at Pine Ridge, I haven't heard about it," says David Owen, president of the state chamber.

THE POVERTY ARCHIPELAGO

While there may be a chamber at Pine Ridge, there isn't much in the way of commerce. The rez itself is a grab bag of mortifying statistics. In the 1990s, the poorest county in America, as determined by the Census Bureau, was wholly contained within its boundaries. Unemployment is currently at 88 percent. About one-third of its households don't have electricity or indoor plumbing. The place is supposedly dry—it's against tribal law even to possess a can of Budweiser—but alcoholism is rampant. The town of Whiteclay, just across the border in Nebraska, isn't really a town at all; it's a glorified liquor stand catering to carloads of thirsty Indians. Traffic accidents are a leading cause of death at Pine Ridge, because of all the drunk driving. The typical Lakota male can expect to live a few months shy of his 57th birthday; women get about a decade longer. In the Western Hemisphere, only Haitians fare worse.

What may be most depressing about Pine Ridge, however, is that it's not unique in Indian country. It's the second-biggest reservation in the nation, and many of its problems afflict other tribes as well. To be sure, a handful of reservations seem to succeed, even among those that don't cash in on lucrative casino operations (and most don't). On the whole, however, reservations are rural slums—demographic disaster areas in which the economy shows few signs of life. Through a suffocating combination of government meddling,

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political incompetence, and cultural suspicion, they have let down the very people they're supposed to serve. The problem is so severe, in fact, that the time has come to rethink the whole concept of reservations.

There's certainly no shortage of explanations for reservation failure, and among the most popular is the old grievance of stolen land. When Bill Clinton set foot in Pine Ridge on his 1999 tour of poverty-stricken areas, someone displayed a sign: "Stop Lakota Ethnic Cleansing." It's not entirely clear what the message meant. The most recent example of what might be called Lakota ethnic cleansing occurred more than a century ago, at the Wounded Knee massacre in 1890. That event was certainly reprehensible—U.S. soldiers were trying to disarm a band of Lakota, fighting broke out, and some 300 Indians, including women and children, were slaughtered. What this sorry incident has to do with economic development in Pine Ridge nowadays isn't obvious, except that the site has become a minor tourist attraction where locals sell their handicrafts to visitors during the warm months. Modern-day Indian activists have done an amazing job of deflecting attention from the real problems of reservation life in favor of turning the events of the past into a morbid fetish. Writing on the most famous locale in the nearby Black Hills, in a University of Nebraska publication called *American Indian Quarterly*, Lilian Friedberg had this to say: "Mount Rushmore is [our] Bitburg." Listening to other tribal spokesmen, it would seem that the most pressing concern for Indians today isn't a lousy reservation economy that can barely support more than a handful of private-sector jobs, but Atlanta Braves fans performing the "tomahawk chop" during late-inning rallies.

The main problem for Indians on reservations isn't that land was stolen from their ancestors a few generations ago, but that the federal government owns or controls most of the land they live on now. This means that Indians have a hard time securing bank loans, because they can't do something other Americans take for granted: put up land as collateral. Even making improvements to the land, such as building new structures on it, requires a maddening series of applications, reviews, and permits. To complicate matters even further, longstanding federal law encourages tribal governments to charter corporations and run their own businesses—in essence, to set up a command-and-control economy of tribally owned and operated enterprises, rather than creating a pro-business environment in which entrepreneurs can flourish. At Pine Ridge, the tribe at various times has tried to run a moccasin factory, a meat-processing plant, and a fishhook-smelling operation, among other projects. All have flopped, as government-run ventures are wont to do. At bottom, reservations such as Pine Ridge are socialist enclaves in the heart of a capitalist country.

Indian reservations are sometimes described as sovereign nations, and they are said to deal with the federal government on a "nation-to-nation" basis. Much of this is illusory: Reservations aren't separate countries, their residents are U.S. citizens, and the BIA is contained within the Department of the Interior rather than the Department of State. Yet the notion of sovereignty is a real one, stretching back to the days of the 19th-century treaties, when tribes ceded territory in exchange for a measure of control over reservation land and the promise of material assistance. The tribes are exempt from many state rules and regulations and have considerable leeway to enact their own laws. They have their own courts and police forces. They can also determine their own membership policies. These legal distinctions explain why some tribes sell tax-free cigarettes, as well as the rise of reservation casinos in states that restrict gambling.

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The main problem for Indians on reservations is that the federal government currently owns or controls most of the land they live on.

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The federal government once gave individual Indians clear title to specific tracts of reservation land, but ended the practice in 1934 when it placed the bulk of reservation land into trust. The result was to turn people on the reservations into wards of the state. The federal government now pumps some $40 million into Pine Ridge every year, and most of the few jobs that exist are on the public payroll. A private-sector economy has not thrived in the area since the days of fur trading and buffalo hunts. "When you drive around Indian country, you can just tell which pieces of land are privately owned and which ones are held in trust," says Terry L. Anderson of the Political Economy Research Center (PERC), in Bozeman, Mont. "The private lands are the ones that you can see being put to productive use."

Without clear land-ownership rights, reservation Indians find it almost impossible to secure loans and start businesses. Another financial activity that most Americans take for granted—getting a mortgage for a house—is therefore also beyond the reach of many Indians. That's one reason there are so many trailer homes in Indian country: Banks are willing to lend the money for them, because repossession is possible if it becomes necessary. As Pete Homer of the National Indian Business Association explains, "Most Indians just can't use their land to get a business going."

A responsive tribal government could address some of these problems by adopting a uniform commercial code to enforce contracts and provide rules for business transactions. Every state has these codes, which are the guidelines that make investors willing to put their capital to work across state lines. Yet only one of South Dakota's nine reservations has a commercial code that tracks state law, and it isn't Pine Ridge. "I don't understand why the tribes don't want commercial codes," says Tom Leckey, deputy secretary of state. "It would really help their economies. We've tried to convince them of this."

The tribe itself is a major obstacle. A 1997 report by the Harvard Project on American Indian Economic Development highlighted the problem: "Businesses that get interested in Pine Ridge eventually discover that the person they

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were dealing with is only one player in a large web of rules and political gamesmanship. At any time during the process of permitting a business, officials may delay the process." Just about anybody involved in business development on the reservation can share a story or two about some project that nearly got underway, only to be cancelled after tribal elections, which are often petty spectacles that reveal ancient rivalries (between, say, the family lines of Crazy Horse and Red Cloud) and pit full-blooded Indians against those of a mixed racial background. The president and council members serve two-year terms, and each election cycle sees most of them swept out of office. Even if a few of them wanted to pass a uniform commercial code for the reservation, they don't have enough time to lay the groundwork for doing it. "There's no stability," says St. Pierre. "We have a political revolution every two years." Sometimes it's more often than that. In 2000, a group of protesters occupied the Pine Ridge government building and didn't leave for 18 months—people who don't work, after all, have a lot of time on their hands.

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The most basic elements of employment—showing up on time, dressing appropriately—are alien concepts to many Lakota.

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The Pine Ridge judiciary is another aspect of the same problem, because there is no separation of powers. "The legislative, executive, and judicial [branches] are very interrelated and thus virtually one," complained William V. Fischer, president of the American State Bank of Pierre, S.D., in Senate testimony last June. Judges are appointed by the tribal council and may be recalled at will. Appeals of their decisions don't go to an independent review board, but to the tribal council itself. Imagine the Supreme Court ruling that the new federal campaign-finance law is unconstitutional—only to have the decision appealed to the law's authors in Congress. This is the situation on Pine Ridge and many other reservations. In fact, experts in reservation economies say reforming this system is one of the most important things tribes can do to spur business development, because investors see themselves exposed to terrific political risks if they have to engage the tribal court system. A study of 67 tribes by Stephen Cornell of the University of Arizona and Joseph P. Kalt of Harvard claims that "simply having an independent judicial system reduces unemployment, on average, by 5 percent."

It would also improve the performance of the businesses already operating on reservations. "We can't collect on bad checks," says Patty Pourier, co-owner of a Texaco gas station and convenience store in Pine Ridge. "If someone bounces a check at one of our stores in Hot Springs or in Chadron (Neb.), we go to the county court and collect on it. That never happens on the reservation. It would if we had an independent business court."

Pourier and her husband, Bat, who is a member of the Oglala Sioux tribe, are the biggest private-sector employers on the reservation, because of their single store in Pine Ridge. It opened its doors in 1990 and began to thrive. Rather than becoming a cause for celebration, Big Bat's, as the store is called, became a target of resentment. "Around here, making a profit is a new idea," says Mrs. Pourier. "The politicians have a warped sense of what a profit really is. Some of them think that all revenue is profit." When Big Bat's burned down last year, the Pouriers replaced it with a larger store. One might think that the local politicians would have lined up for the ribbon-cutting ceremony at the grand reopening, but instead they greeted the Pouriers with a plan to quintuple their rent. The proposed rate increase was based on nothing but the arbitrary judgment that the Pouriers could afford to cough up more dough for the tribe. With the help of the Chamber of Commerce led by St. Pierre, they were able to defeat the proposal—but this attempt to squelch homegrown capitalism shows the true, discouraging face of the reservation government when it comes to entrepreneurship.

THE RESERVATION IS THE PROBLEM

Because stores are so rare in Pine Ridge, an estimated 90 percent of the reservation's income winds up being spent off the reservation—and about half of it leaves within 72 hours of showing up. Tribal members have to pour an inordinate amount of time and resources into traveling long distances off the reservation for basic necessities that their local economy ought to provide.

Some Indians actually believe that they aren't *supposed* to get businesses going at all. "There's a persistent question about whether it's culturally appropriate to start a business, and lots of people ask, 'Isn't that a white-man thing?'" says Monica Drapeaux of the Lakota Fund, a non-profit lender in Kyle, S.D. This resonates with the popular myth—peddled by academics, Hollywood, and many tribal activists—that traditional Indian societies aren't compatible with capitalism. The free market, in this view, is a Western imposition upon the collective, sharing folkways of indigenous North Americans.

This is utter nonsense. While it may be true that Indians did not develop an intricate set of rules governing property rights, they engaged in plenty of commerce, even before the coming of the white man. Ancient archeological sites have borne proof of extensive trading networks that spanned the continent. Meriwether Lewis—of Lewis & Clark fame—described the Chinooks as "great hagglers in trade." The fur-trading empires of John Jacob Astor and the Hudson Bay Company would not have been possible without substantial Indian participation.

What the Lakota must overcome now, however, is a culture that doesn't know work. "Kids grow up around here not even thinking about where they'll start their first job—their parents and grandparents haven't held regular jobs and it doesn't even occur to them that they should think about it," says Drapeaux. The most basic elements of employment—showing up on time, dressing appropriately, scheduling time off in advance—are alien concepts to many Lakota, simply

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because job scarcity has left huge numbers of them inexperienced at something other South Dakotans, with their 4 percent unemployment rate, take for granted. Chronic alcoholism compounds the problem. "If somebody came here and wanted to open a factory with 50 workers, we wouldn't be able to supply enough people," says Elsie Meeks, a Lakota who lives in Pine Ridge and specializes in reservation development nationwide.

Cornell and Kalt are probably the most respected experts on reservation economies, and they agree that tribal sovereignty is the key to success. "We cannot find a single case of successful economic development and declining dependence where federal decision makers have exercised de facto control over key development decisions," they write. Devolving power away from the federal government and toward the tribes—as units of local government—should appeal to conservatives, who have often been hostile to the concept of Indian sovereignty. But Cornell and Kalt don't go far enough. The tribes themselves must devolve power away from their own governments and toward the people these governments are supposed to represent. The most important thing they can do is demand that the land now held in trust be returned to the people. It should be given back—not to the tribe or its governing council, but to the individuals who make up the tribe. This would mark the end of reservations as we know them, but the time has come for them to go the way of the buffalo: Indians, too, deserve the chance to live an American dream of material prosperity.

Ian Frazier has noted that there were probably never more than 70,000 members of the western Sioux tribes during the Indian wars, but that from this small group emerged a disproportionate number of genuine heroes—warriors like Crazy Horse, Red Cloud, and Sitting Bull, who fought a valiant but losing campaign against white encroachment, and helped give their people a proud history that all Americans may respect and honor. The next wave of Lakota heroes won't be so famous, but theirs is a struggle that must be won—a struggle for individual economic rights and against collectivism; a war to end the reservation system as we know it.

The odds are long, but the Lakota may yet prevail. When I visited Pine Ridge in December, I stopped by the site of the Wounded Knee massacre. There isn't much to see—some barren land, a cemetery on a hill, and a hand-painted billboard describing what happened. For a while, I just looked around. Nobody else was there. Then a car pulled up from the south, and an old Indian man got out. He had one of those bulging noses that comes from too much drinking. We talked about Wounded Knee, and he pointed out a few local features. As our conversation drew to a close, he changed the subject. "There aren't too many jobs around here," he said. I was afraid he was going to ask for a handout. Instead, he offered to sell me a small drum and a dreamcatcher. I had been trying to find something for my kids, but hadn't seen anything appealing. In fact, I hadn't seen much of anything at all—there just aren't that many stores in Pine Ridge. So we began a negotiation, settled on a price, and shook hands. Then he drove off. Alone again on the rez, I was left with a single thought: It should be this easy for them. **NR**

Religion of Peace?

Islam, without the comforting clichés

ROGER SCRUTON

WESTERN societies—when faced with immigrants who adhere to traditional faiths and customs, and who maintain a suspicion-laden distance between themselves and the surrounding civil order—tend to respond with overtures of friendship. The message relayed to the new communities that have sought protection in the West is one of tolerance and understanding. By showing that we are no threat to them, we hope to ensure that they will be no threat to us. This strategy has worked with Hindus and Jews and the many sects of migrating Christians. But will it work with Muslims? When from the pulpits of the mosques that have been built in our major cities there sounds the call to *jihad* against the infidel, along with exultant cries of triumph over the recent terrorist atrocities, we might reasonably wonder whether our attempts to live side by side with Islam are doomed to failure.

Its official advocates insist that Islam is a religion of peace—after all, that is the meaning of the word (or, at least, one of its meanings). But the peculiar thing about Islam is that its official advocates have no authority to speak for it. Although each sect has its mosques, there is no such institution as "The Mosque," to set beside the various Christian churches. Nor is there any human institution whose role is to confer "holy orders" on its members. Muslims who have religious authority—the *'ulama* ("those with knowledge")—possess it directly from God. And those who take on the function of the *imam* ("the one who stands in front"), so leading the congregation in prayer, are often self-appointed to this role. Islam lacks the chain of human accountability that stems from the corporate personality of an organized church. Thus the only way to settle the question whether Islam is or is not a religion of peace is to study the actions of individual Muslims, and the text from which their religion derives.

The Koran is considered the final authority on all matters it touches upon—and that means just about all matters that impinge on the lives of ordinary mortals. Its style is exhortatory, and its mood imperative. It resounds with threats and imprecations and, for all its many passages of lyrical beauty, it is the biggest joke-free zone in literature. It occupies the space reserved in the human psyche for obedience, and leaves no room for any merely human jurisdiction. The Koranic conception of law as holy law, pointing the unique way to salvation and applying to every area of human life, therefore involves a *confiscation of the political*. Those matters

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which, in Western societies, are resolved by negotiation, compromise, and the laborious work of offices and committees are the object of immovable and eternal decrees. The rules are either laid down explicitly in the holy book or discerned there by some religious figurehead—whose authority, however, can always be questioned by some rival imam or jurist, since the *shari'a* (holy law) recognizes no office or institution as endowed with any independent lawmaking power. The *shari'a*, moreover, is addressed to the faithful, wherever and with whomsoever they find themselves; it does not merely bind Muslims but isolates them from the secular society by which they are surrounded. In any crisis secular law will count for nothing, since the law of God eclipses it.

MAN AND CITIZEN

The contrast with Christianity is instructive. St. Paul, who turned the ascetic and self-denying religion of Christ into an organized form of worship, was a Roman citizen, versed in the law, who shaped the early Church through the legal idea of the *universitas* or corporation. The Pauline Church was designed not as a sovereign body, but as a universal citizen, entitled to the protection of the secular and imperial powers but with no claim to displace those powers as the source of legal order. This corresponds to Christ's own vision in the parable of the tribute money: "Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's." The Church has therefore tended to recognize the business of governing human society as a human business, and the Christian as both a servant of God and a citizen of the secular order. It is a distinctive Christian achievement to propose secular government as a religious duty, and religious toleration as an avenue to God. The Enlightenment conception of the citizen, as joined in a free social contract with his neighbors under a tolerant and secular rule of law, derives directly from the Christian legacy.

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The intense longing for that original and pure community once promised by the Prophet involves a turning away from reality.

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This contrasts radically with the vision set before us in the Koran, according to which sovereignty rests with God and his Prophet, and legal order is founded in divine command. True law is holy law, whose precepts derive from the four sources of Islamic legal thought: the Koran, the Sunna (customs authorized by the Prophet), *qiyas* ("analogy"), and *ijma'* ("consensus"). These are the sources to which the classical jurists referred when giving judgment, and they none of them acknowledge any law-making institution of merely human provenance. They are the means for discerning God's will, and so attaining the posture of submission (the literal meaning of *islam*).

When Islam first spread across the Middle East and the Southern Mediterranean, it was not by preaching and conversion in the Christian manner, but by conquest. The conquered peoples were given the choice: believe or die. Exceptions were made for the "people of the Book" (Christians, Jews, and Zoroastrians), who could enjoy the subordinate status of *dhimmi*—i.e., being protected by treaty. But the treaty offered no right to worship, and forbade all attempts to proselytize. Other religions existed within the *dar al-islam* on sufferance, and religious toleration was regarded as a regrettable expedient rather than a political virtue.

Under the Ottoman Empire, Islam steadily lost both its belligerent attitude to other faiths and its ability to maintain itself through religious law. In the 19th century the Ottoman sultans began to borrow laws, institutions, and secular customs from the West, so that when the empire collapsed after World War I, its center was able to jettison the perimeter and reshape itself as a modern secular state on the Western model. Thus was born modern Turkey, the creation of Kemal Atatürk, and the one durable democracy in the Muslim world. Turkey endures as a democracy because it has secularized its institutions and excluded the clergy from power. In no sense, however, can it be seen as the product of a Muslim "Enlightenment," equivalent to the Enlightenment that transformed the legal and political order of Europe. Turkey is a deliberately *Westernized* state.

Elsewhere in the Islamic world the democratic idea has not taken root—not because people have rejected it, but because their culture, habits, and institutions make no room for it. Secular government is kept in place by dictatorship, or by ruthless expedients that confer no legitimacy but only power on those who deploy them. In the Middle East, dictatorships designed to retain power in the hands of a single person, a single family, or a single dominant tribe exist side by side with a near-universal nostalgia for another and purer form of government, in which the holy law delivered to the Prophet will bring lasting peace and justice under the rule of God.

It has often been said that Islam has turned its back on modernity, which it cannot encompass through its law and doctrine. And to some extent this is true, the efforts of Westernizers and legal reformers notwithstanding. Much more important, however, is the intense longing for that original and pure community once promised by the Prophet but betrayed repeatedly by his worldly successors and followers. Like every form of nostalgia, this longing involves a turning away from reality, a refusal to accommodate or even to perceive the facts that might undermine it, and an endlessly renewable anger against the Other who refuses to share in the collective dream. This is the mood that inspires the Muslim Brotherhood in Egypt, the Wahhabi sect in Saudi Arabia, and the Shi'ite revival of Ayatollah Khomeini. And it is the mood that animates the Islamist terrorists.

Rulers of Islamic states are aware of the danger posed by this immovable nostalgia. They know that it recognizes no loyalty to dynasty, territory, or secular law, but only to God and His promises. Hence they ruthlessly suppress the Islamist movements in their midst—as Hafez al-Assad suppressed the Muslim Brotherhood in the town of Hama in Syria, leaving 10,000 dead and a great medieval town in ruins. Similar measures have been taken in Egypt, Iraq, Tunisia, Algeria, and

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Saudi Arabia. But the threat is always there, and the measures must always be renewed.

A THREAT TO PEACE

It is in the light of such facts that we should assess the claim that Islam is a religion of peace. Long periods of peace have indeed been enjoyed in the heartlands of Islam, and there are good historical reasons for believing that Muslim communities can live at peace with their Christian, Jewish, or Zoroastrian neighbors. But these periods of peace are periods of lethargy, laxity, and decline. Muslim revivals, when they occur, take a belligerent form. The message that inspires them is not, like the Christian message, one of renunciation and forgiveness, but one of exhortation and triumph. No Christian sect poses the kind of threat to government that the Muslim Brotherhood has posed in Egypt and Syria. And even if we disapprove of the ruthless methods used to suppress the Brotherhood, this very ruthlessness is an indication of the danger.

Western societies tolerate and even welcome dissent, and our disputes are resolved through compromise and dialogue. Thanks to our Christian legacy we see political action not as a means to achieve the kingdom of God on earth, but as a way of maintaining equilibrium between people who share a territory but who may not share a religion, and whose conflicts can be resolved through a common national loyalty and a common territorial law. None of that is accepted by the Islamists. By offering them a home we free them from the chains in which the tyrants of the Middle East try to bind them. But we do not free them from the pathological hatred of our sinful world, nor from the desire to make the ultimate sacrifice in the *jihad* against it. Hence while we offer them a home, what they receive is a "base"—the literal meaning of *al-qa'eda*.

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We are dealing with people in the grip of religious zeal, for whom everything is permitted that leads toward their goal.

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That is why we should regard our current situation as dangerous. We are not dealing with ordinary criminals of the IRA variety, whose sentimental nationalism conceals a self-centered search for gangland profits and power. We are dealing with people in the grip of religious zeal, for whom everything is permitted that leads toward their goal, and whose goal is destruction. The weapons that we use against ordinary criminals are therefore ineffective against the Islamists. In order to protect ourselves against them we must take pre-emptive measures. This does not mean that we should ghettoize or persecute our Muslim communities. But we must be prepared to break up Islamist cells, and to prevent them from obtaining the arms and the knowledge that would enable them to engage in the longed-for *jihad*. And we shouldn't deceive ourselves. This *jihad* really is longed for, and if we are not vigilant, it really will occur. **NR**

A Christmas Carol

ALOÏSE BUCKLEY HEATH

A Heath family Christmas-carol program always seems *like a good idea . . .*

NONE of the Heath children was born on Sunday, but many of them almost were, which may account for the fact that, although bright and bonny and good and gay they are not, bonny and gay they indubitably are.

They may get A2 in handwriting and D4 in word analysis; they may get "wholeheartedly enthusiastic" in sports and "constantly inattentive" in social studies, but they are the bonniest crew—not in the whole country; that's ridiculous, I always tell people—in New England. Though, I admit it, I don't know the rest of the country very well.

It is regrettably true that they forge their father's name to undone-homework slips (remember those A's in penmanship) at 8; that they fall in love with and torture members of the opposite sex at 11; and that by the age of 12 they have discovered that you can smoke into the exhaust fan of the first-floor lavatory with absolute safety, whereas smoking out of the third-floor bathroom window means Mother calls the Fire Department. (They learn about cigarettes young because when we catch them smoking, we beat them.)

And gay my children unquestionably are. They rollick into the house from school, burst into paroxysms of laughter at the extraordinary coincidence of their reunion from various carpools, plan their far-flung wickednesses in gales of muffled giggles, are scolded with eyes twinkling above insufficiently suppressed grins, and fall asleep in the midst of a choked chuckle at eight, nine, or ten o'clock, according to whether their bedtime was at seven, eight, or nine.

And they sing. Lord, how they sing! They sing alone or in unison, in harmony, cacophony, or competition, and if two of the stubborn ones simultaneously embark on "The Surrey with the Fringe on Top" and "Silent Night," an immediate popularity contest ensues, as other children drift into the room and join in one song or the other. If the singers are equally popular, you just have to break it up. (Not by saying, "Break it up," you understand. Who's listening? What I usually do is play "The Stars and Stripes Forever" very loudly on the piano.)

With all the gaiety and caroling that goes on in our house all year round, it is only natural that we plan, early every December, a Christmas-carol program to put on tape after it is absolutely perfect, and send to the children's grandmother as an absolutely unique, unprocurable-in-stores Christmas gift.

Reprinting a Christmas story by the late Aloïse Buckley Heath is an NR tradition. The collection Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?, *in which this and Mrs. Heath's other Christmas stories appear, is available from National Review Books.*

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One reason this always seems feasible in early December is that around then the children are infinitesimally better behaved than usual. I myself attribute this to the fact that their father and I are, not infinitesimally at all, worse. I have even discussed with Ben the potentialities of our being worse all the time, for the children's own good, but he insists he is the same at Christmastime as he is the year round, which, as I occasionally—well, maybe a little more often than occasionally—point out, is a clear admission that he is impossible all the time.

In any case, there's no question that, around Christmastime, the children are more cooperative. All of them will stand and concentrate, instead of two reading comic books and three wrestling under the piano. They all willingly sing, "*fa-la-la-la-la, la-la! la! la!*" even though most of the boys, and all of the girls under 12, say it makes them feel silly. All in all, it seems an ideal time to plan a Christmas-carol program, and I do so in spite of a) an unbroken record of failure, and b) the boys.

Boys, as anyone with fewer resources than the director of the Vienna Boys' Choir knows, are an insuperable obstacle to group singing. I am convinced that Baroness von Trapp had hers wired for sound.

In our family, 21-year-old Jim is the only dependable boy. He has a soft, melodious tenor voice, he sings *fa-la-la* without shame, and he whacks the little ones when they fidget. Seventeen-year-old John, who also has a nice voice, is, unfortunately, musically gifted, and refuses to waste his talent on mere singing. He plays the descant to the carols on his recorder, and if there is not a satisfactory descant he composes one, which is lovely, but it leaves Jim alone and lonely down there below middle C. Buckley, at 13, sings a high and piercingly sweet soprano, but he is under the impression that a listening world will believe his voice has changed if he emits all sounds an octave lower than is normal to him. And he sings that way until his ribs are so sore from his brothers' and sisters' pounding that he can barely sing at all, which, as I keep pointing out, may be good for discipline, but not for Christmas-carol programs. Timothy, who is a crotchety 8, refuses flatly to make any concessions on the part of the language as it is spoken, to the language as it is sung. "*Glo-o-o-o-o, o-o-o-o-o, o-o-o-o-o-o, ria*" is not for Tim. He sings "*Glo-*," compares the marble in his right pocket with the marble collection in his left pocket, and rejoins the chorale unerringly on "*ria*," but neither pleading nor pummeling will induce him to vocalize all those finky "aws."

All this is a little hard on Pam, who is 19 and who, as the conscientious and efficient head of her school Madrigal Club last year, has much higher standards than the rest of us. Our carol program this year was to be not just mother at the piano, John at the recorder, and nine children singing in unison. It was to include part-singing; solos, duets, trios, and quartets; Buckley on the drums; 10-year-old Jennifer on the triangle; and a piano duet by Betsey and Alison, who are 11 and 12 and hate each other.*

Our first difficulties I could see coming. Buckley played the drum, not with a gently medieval boom, nor even with a gay 17th-century rat-a-tat, but as if he were soloing during a pause in a program by the Rolling Stones, which was impressive, to be sure, but reduced the singers to utter inaudibility. Jennifer ting'd on the triangle whenever it seemed to her that she had not tung for quite long enough, and Betsey and Alison, who have never entirely grasped the purpose of a duet, exchanged sidelong black-eyed glares and raced each other through "Jingle Bells," Alison winning handily by a good two and a half measures.

Timothy and little Janet, 5, who were to solo as friendly beasts in the carol known only to the parents of small children, "The Friendly Beasts," were less than cooperative. Janet refused to sing, "*I, said the cow all white and red,*" because she said cows were ugly and she was not; besides, everyone kept smiling at her. And Tim persisted in singing, "*I, said the donkey, all shaggy and brown,*" as "*I. Said the donkey. All shaggy. And brown. I carried. His Mother. Uphill. And down.*"

After the special-effects numbers the group launched into the standard Christmas carol while Pam conducted and I concentrated on the piano. I have to concentrate harder than most people on the piano because of an abnormal tendency to play everything in D major. Our repertoire was nearly finished when Pam addressed the group in a less than friendly tone. "If anybody's being funny around here, they just can just stop it right now."

There was a blank silence. Long blue eyes met wide black eyes without the glimmer of a twinkle. Pam waited a minute, then she said: "Mother, let's start over, and I'll take the piano while you come out here and listen. There's something peculiar going on. Now listen *carefully*."

*Above all, every word was to be as clear as a bell. Pam even taught us a little song: "Whether you whisper soft, or whether you loudly call, distinctly, distinctly speak. Or do not speak at all." Whose melody we assimilated rather more quickly than its meaning.

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I listened carefully, and it was then I decided that either my children are not quite bright enough to live, or else they are too gay to bear.

Do you know what "afforient" is? Neither did I till I heard Priscilla, who is 15 and should know better, sweetly warble that the three kings afforient were, and I asked her. "Afforient," if you are interested, is the state of being disoriented, or wandering, as one does over field and fountain, moor and mountain.

And has anybody ever wondered where the Ranger is on Christmas Eve? Has anyone, for that matter, ever given a single thought to the Ranger on Christmas Eve? Well, Betsey Heath has. "*Away* is the Ranger," she will inform you, if you listen carefully. And obviously, he is away because there is no crib for his bed. After all, why should the Ranger stick around here, when he hasn't even got a crib, much less a bed, for Pete's sake!

Janet, canny little Janet, all of whose sins are premeditated and blatant, sang exactly what she intended to sing. "*No L, no L, the angels did say.*" It was a matter of the angels' alphabet, she explained to me a little tiredly. "A B C D E F G H I J K M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z. No L, get it, Mother, *No L!*" I eyed her suspiciously, because more humor in the family we do not need, but I let it pass.

Jennifer settled my next problem, which had to do with the angels. Do you know how the angel of the Lord shone around? He shone around in a glowy manner, that's how. While shepherds watch'd their flock by night, she explained, the angel of the Lord came and glowy showed around. How else?

Have you ever wondered, in the long watches of the night, what Child is this Who laid to rest on Mary's lap is sleeping? Well, it is the Child Whom angels greet with Anne the Sweet, while shepherds' watches keeping. Well, St. Anne was Mary's mother, certainly sweet and probably dead, argued Alison. Why *wouldn't* she be with the angels? As for the shepherds, what with their setting off for Bethlehem, well known for its good and bad thieves, keeping their watches was a very friendly gesture on the part of the angels. Anne the Sweet probably thought of it.

Some of them were taking an individual called Good Heed to the angels' ward, many of them with the jellied toast proclaiming; though all of them sang the "Coventry Carol," 20 of whose 28 words are "Lully, lully," absolutely correctly.

If anyone is interested in the geography of Bethlehem, I can tell you categorically that it lies on the seashore, just below the town of Dul. We know it is *below* Dul because the carol states very clearly that Bethlehem is what in Dul see you *below* (sometimes written *in dulci jubilo*), and we know it is on the sea because among the deep in dreamless sleep the silent stars go by, so that had to be the stars' *reflection, see,* Mother? Because they couldn't very well *shine* among the deep, could they, Mother?

This is the kind of thing that happens when your children get B2 in Reasoning Ability and C4 in Independent Reading.

The older children, to give credit where credit is due, made their misinterpretations on a far loftier level. Leaving history and geography to their younger siblings, Pam and Jim simply revised the Christian religion.

Pam, even Pam, kept announcing in her clear, sweet contralto that God and sin are reconciled; but she realized immediately, when it was pointed out to her, that God was far more likely to reconcile Himself to sinners than to sin, even if the book hadn't said so, which it had.

Jim had to argue a little. He was the one who kept urging the shepherds to leave their "you's" and leave their "am's" and rise up, shepherds, and follow.

"What in Heaven's name is this about you's and am's?" I asked him.

"Oh-h-h, rejection of personality, denial of self," said Jim grandly. "Practically the central thesis of Christian theology."

"Of course, *I* don't go to a Catholic college, but *I* think that's Communist theory, not Christian theology," I told him.

■

'Round John Virgin, Mother and Child,' the chorus swelled sweetly, and I rapped hard on the piano. 'Just who,' I asked, in my most restrained voice, 'is Round John Virgin?'

■

"In any case, could you come down from those philosophic heights and join us shepherds down here with our ewes (female sheep) and rams (male sheep)?"

"If you insist," said Jim, with the impudent grin of the 21-year-old whose dear mother is incontrovertibly in the right, and besides, it's right down there in black and white.

But I was too weary to go on. "Children," I said. "Let's just do one song absolutely *perfectly.* Let's concentrate on 'Silent Night,' because that's the one we know best anyway. Pam and Priscilla can do the alto, John can do the descant, the rest of you just sing nice and softly, and Buckley, I don't want to hear one single *note* below middle C."

They lined up, looking very clean and handsome and holy, Jim and John at the back, Timothy and Janet on either side of Pam at the piano, and the middle echelon sensibly and unquarrelsomely distributed in the middle according to heights. Just like the von Trapp family, I thought to myself happily. Pam turned and gave them all a long and, I hoped, extremely stern look, before she turned back to play the opening measures.

"*Silent night, holy night,*" nine young voices chanted softly, and I noticed Jennifer and Betsey beginning to break up in twinkles and dimples. "*All is calm, all is bright,*" they went on, John's recorder piping low and clear. Buckley and Alison clapped their hands briefly over their mouths. "*Round John Virgin, Mother and Child,*" the chorus swelled sweetly, and I rapped hard on the piano. "Just who," I asked, in my most restrained voice, "is Round John Virgin?"

"One of the 12 opossums," the ten young voices answered promptly, and they collapsed over the piano, from the piano bench onto the floor, convulsed by their delicate wit.

And that's why we didn't have this year's Christmas-carol program. **NR**

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THE LONG VIEW

By Rob Long

The Candidates' Diaries Special "Back to the Future" Edition™

From Strom Thurmond's Diary, September 3, 1948:

. . . just some kind of wonderful, wonderful dancers, which I and my people have no problem with. No problem at all. But as I have said time and time again, this campaign isn't just about making sure our children and our children's children can find a place to eat at a lunch counter without a lot of "problems"—no, it's about much more than that. It's about our national defense and our coming fight with the Communists. It's about how to handle the Red Peril that threatens our homes and our schools and our drinking fountains and our swimming pools. As I said in my speech to the Great Kristian Men of the South Konvocation, we need to make sure that the Communists stay on their side of the fence. We need to segregate them, if you will . . .

. . . a little boy with a hard-looking helmet of a head of hair just cheering and shouting and holding up a hand-lettered "Thurmond '48" sign . . . must have been no more than seven or eight, and I called him over to my side and I said, "What's your name, boy?" and he told me what it was, and that he was from Mississippi and that he had walked all the way to the tent meeting just to shake my hand. It was pretty hot right there next to all of those crosses, and I was sweating, but not that little boy. His hair was just so . . . so . . . so firm, I guess is the word. Anyway, he told me that his dream in life was to be a United States Senator from Mississippi, and I wished him well. And then he told me that he hoped that he and I could serve in the Senate together, and I laughed a little and chucked him under the chin and said, "Boy, I'll be long, long dead by then! Why, I'm an old man now!" And he said, "You don't look old to me, sir. You look like you'll live forever!" Charming boy. Later, as I was going off to another event, I saw a red-hot ember fly off one of the crosses and hit that boy's head and damned if the ember didn't just bounce right off it like it was some kind of solid steel something and not even hair at all . . .

From *So I Can't Raise Taxes a* Bissell? *Who Knew?* by Joe Lieberman, published December 17, 2005:

. . . even though I had made it clear that I wasn't going to debate anyone on a Saturday. But then the media got hold of it and just created a whole lot of *chazerai* and so in the end I decided to go ahead and agree to debate on Saturday, which is when the whole yarmulke/no yarmulke *tsuris* kicked in . . .

. . . which didn't seem to me to be an absurd length for a speech in which I was accepting the nomination of the Democratic party, but some of the powers that be pressured me to cut the middle two hours—really gutting the heart of the speech, if you ask me—because, and this I found absolutely astounding, "people don't really like the sound of your voice." I mean, really! But in the end, we compromised and I cut an hour from the beginning (mostly the stories about the good dybbuk's battles with the shoemaker from Gspult) and an hour and a half from the third section where I outlined the dietary restrictions I'd be following if elected president. Now that it's all over, I really wish I had stuck to my guns, because then I think Florida might have been in our column, although I realize that you do need to carry more than one state to win in our flawed system . . .

From *On Second Thought* by Al Gore, published December 17, 2007:

. . . and as they wheeled her away to the delivery room—I was in surgical scrubs, I didn't want to miss a moment of this life-affirming event—she held my hand tightly. "Just keep breathing, lover," I whispered in her ear. "Just keep concentrating on the breath." And she looked up at me—and I know she was in pain, and she was worried that by giving birth to our fifth child at her age she was putting her life in jeopardy, but still, she looked up at me and said, "You've got to run again, Al. Promise me you'll run again." And so what could I say? The epidural hadn't yet taken effect (mine, not hers) so I agreed. I removed the breathing tube the nurse had placed in her mouth and gave her a life-affirming juicy kiss, not pulling away until her heart monitor started beeping and the doctor tapped me urgently on the shoulder . . .

. . . as the girls and Al Jr. took turns holding little Calista, Tipper looked up at me and said, "Remember your promise, Al." And I did. Which is why I stand before you as a new father and, in many ways, a new man. A man who believes passionately that . . .

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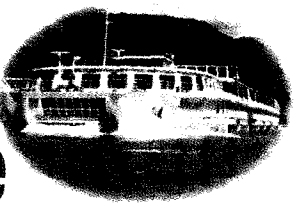

THE NATIONAL REVIEW 2003

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Sun/May 4	Munich/Passau		7:00PM	afternoon transfer to *Mozart* evening cocktail reception
Mon/May 5	Durnstein, Austria Vienna, Austria	9:30AM 5:30PM	12:300PM (overnight)	afternoon seminar
Tues/May 6	Vienna, Austria		7:30PM	late-night smoker
Wed, May 7	Esztergom, Hungary Budapest, Hungary	8:00AM 2:00PM	10:30AM (overnight)	late-morning seminar
Thurs/May 8	Budapest, Hungary		4:30PM	afternoon seminar evening cocktail reception
Fri/May 9	Bratislava, Slovakia	9:30AM	2:00PM	afternoon seminar late-night smoker
Sat/May 10	Melk, Austria Grein, Austria	9:00AM 5:30PM	2:00PM 7:00PM	evening cocktail reception
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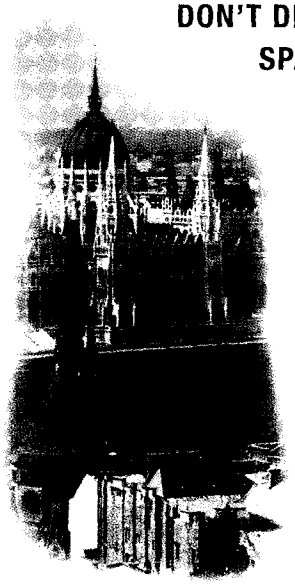

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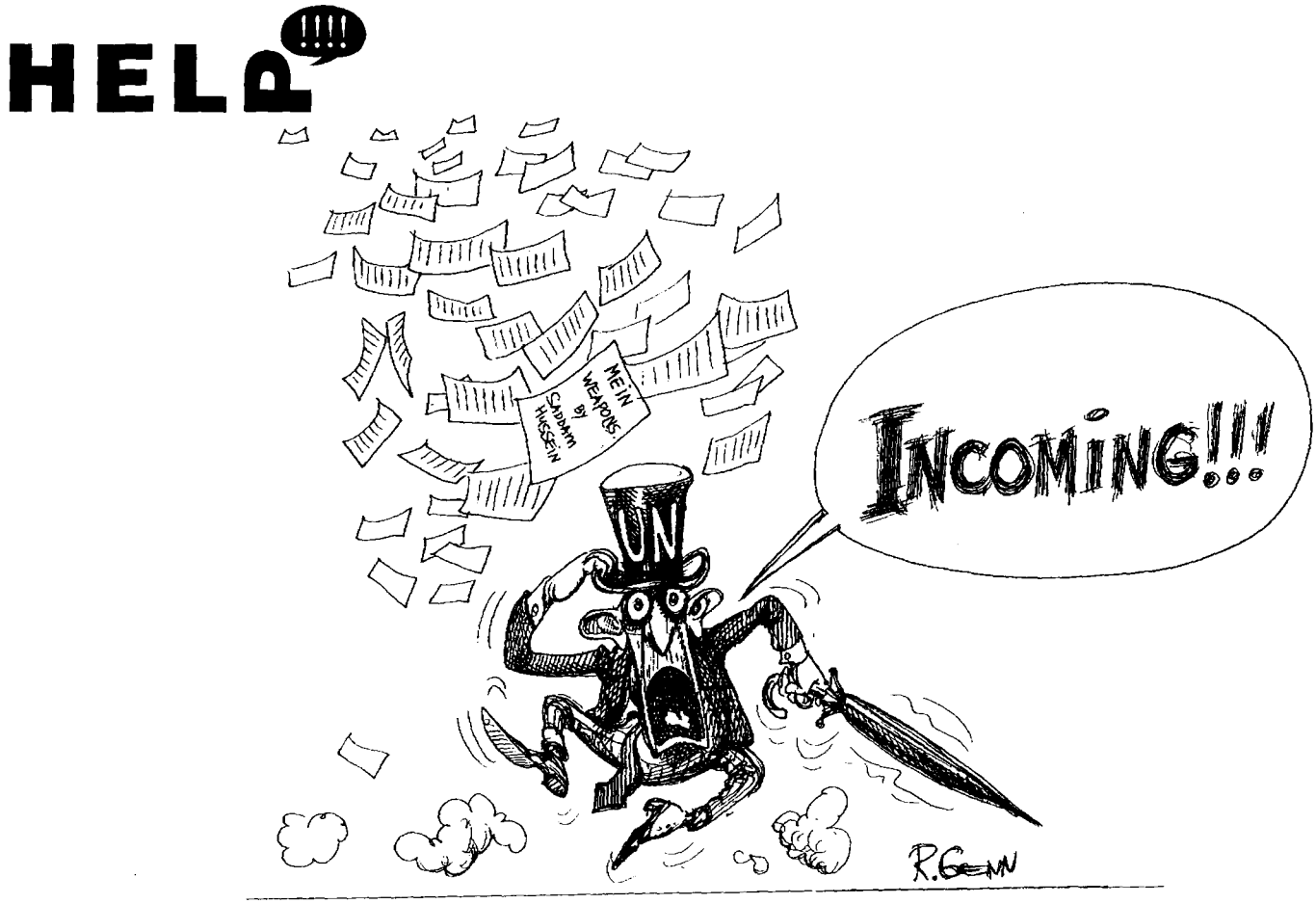

"Well, somebody's been pulling your leg—
Buddhism doesn't have *a Missouri Synod."*

Stimulate Me

Discard the old, on with the new!
The tax code needs a good shampoo,
And taxing dividends twice is
Hell on my nerves and bad for biz.
Both Snow and Donaldson would seem
Like can-do guys emitting steam
Who'll tackle Wall and kick a goal.
Greenspan and I are pooped. Let's roll.

—W. H. von Dreele

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HOLD IT! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?
U.S. VISAS
DO YOU THINK I WAS BORN YESTERDAY?
U.S. VISAS
DID YOU THINK YOU COULD SLIP BY ME...
U.S. VISAS
WITHOUT SIGNING YOUR WORK VISA?
U.S. VISAS
GARY MARKSTEIN

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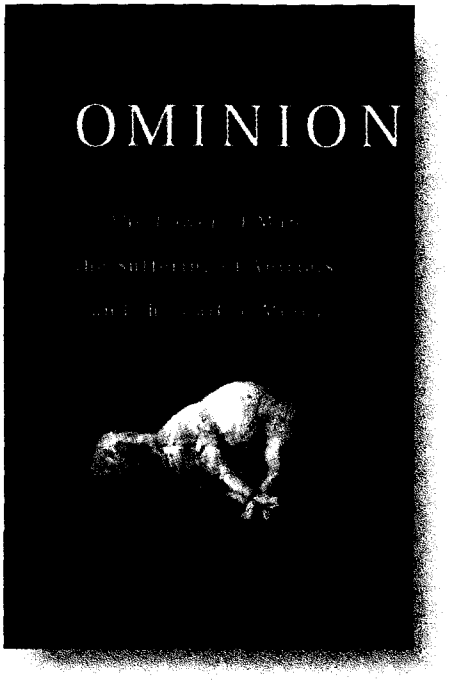
The Quality of Mercy

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS

Dominion: The Power of Man, the Suffering of Animals, and the Call to Mercy, by Matthew Scully (St. Martin's, 464 pp., $27.95)



IT makes a difference that the author is a Christian and a political conservative, and he intends that the difference should decisively distinguish his advocacy on behalf of the animal kingdom from those who promote "animal rights" at the expense of the singularity and dignity of the human. Scully's title is, of course, from the first chapter of Genesis: "Then God said, 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creeps upon the earth.'"

Christian worthies from Augustine, Francis of Assisi, John Henry Newman, and up through contemporary thinkers are invoked to underscore the truth that "dominion" means not the right to unlimited exploitation but the obligation to care for our fellow creatures. Unlike many animal advocates—philosopher Peter Singer being the most influential case in point—Scully does not try to make the argument that animals are, at least in some instances, equal or superior to human beings. On the contrary, he contends that, precisely because they are so manifestly unequal, they have a claim upon our regard. We are to care for their sake, but also for our own. How we treat animals bespeaks our humanity, our moral decency, our understanding of ourselves as being implicated with them in the purposes of our common Creator.

There are many parts to the author's argument, perhaps too many. The style is generally winsome and inviting, but there are also excurses of unnecessary prolixity on every side issue, so eager is he to counter objections to the case he wants to make. At the same time, such thoroughness makes *Dominion* a challenging and potentially life-changing book for people who share the author's Biblical worldview, with its unapologetic belief in the centrality of man in the cosmic scheme of things. Its general winsomeness of style notwithstanding, there is no denying that the book is a polemic, and it frequently rises, or falls, to the level of jeremiad. It is a polemic against human cruelty, which means the egregious infliction of pain. The instances of cruelty indicted by Scully include hunting, fishing, superfluous animal experimentation, and—at greatest length and with greatest effect—the still recent phenomenon of industrial farming, especially of pigs and chickens.

The long-term remedy for these wrongs, Scully contends, lies in moral progress, whereby we come to recognize that what was once acceptable, and perhaps even necessary, is no longer morally tolerable. We can be hurried along to that long-term goal by new laws forbidding cruel and all-too-usual practices. Right now, each of us can avoid complicity in great evils by refusing, as Scully refuses, to eat animals. If we are not ready for strict vegetarianism, we can at least raise our voices against practices of wanton cruelty, and limit our meat-eating to "free farmed" animals who have been given a decent chance to enjoy the life God gave them.

Vegetarianism was once viewed as an indulgence of the cranky and eccentric, a practice induced by philosophical wrongheadedness and excessive moral scrupulosity. In fact, more and more Americans, especially young people, are becoming vegetarians, and I would seriously question the moral curiosity of anyone who has not given the matter careful thought. Those who share Scully's convictions frequently contend that we can only *not* be vegetarians by averting our eyes from the way in which the meat arrives on our plates. Speaking of today's industrial farms, Scully writes, "If you could walk all of humanity through one of these places, 90 percent would never touch meat again."

Scully is on most scores attentive to nuance and insists that he wants to eschew appeals to sentimentality and the anthropomorphism by which we project onto animals human characteristics. He also wants to avoid the heavy-handed moralism to which moral argument is prone. At too many points, however, his restraint fails. Of the industrial pig farms, he writes, "But what would *we* most yearn for if we were locked away in dark little pens and stalls and ignored and shouted at and treated like garbage? . . . For myself, I would just

Father Neuhaus is editor-in-chief of *First Things*.

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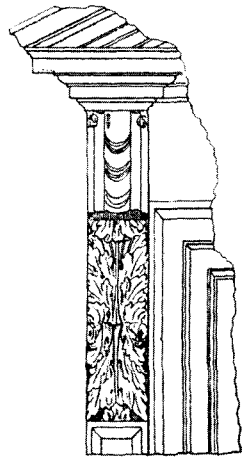
want the whiff of Dachau out of my nostrils and relish again the simple things and rejoice in having my life and freedom back again." Leaving aside the unseemly reference to the Holocaust, I have no doubt that Scully would feel that way, were he a pig, which, thank God, he is not. As the pig in question is not Matthew Scully.

And, as is the way with jeremiads, the author sometimes resorts to moral bullying. "A person is a person just as a dog is a dog, a deer a deer, a pig a pig, and so on through the animal kingdom. And either they suffer or they do not suffer. Either that suffering has moral value or it does not have moral value. Either there is a God or there isn't. Either He cares about animals or He doesn't. Either we have duties of kindness or we do not." Suddenly my belief in God is at stake. Why do I think that his either/or has skipped some argumentative steps?

With respect to eating meat, he says, "The problem is just this simple. . . . We have no valid claims of need anymore, only our claim to the material good of fare to which we are accustomed. Meanwhile, in a global, high-tech economy of six billion consumers—perhaps nine or ten billion by the year 2100—livestock animals simply cannot be raised under humane conditions. We are left, then, with exactly one material good and one moral good, our pleasure weighed against our duty of compassion. And these can no longer coexist. One or the other must be abandoned." Q.E.D. Not quite. For one thing, there is the small and old-fashioned free farming that he elsewhere suggests is a tolerable compromise.



Those of us who had the good fortune in our childhood of spending time on such farms may remember hog-butchering time. When Big Jack, as we called the prize hog, was whacked on the head with a sledgehammer and then hung upside down by a chain pulley to have his throat slit and be bled before he was lowered into a boiling caldron to scald off the hair, this twelve-year-old had deep thoughts about our right to bacon and pork chops: What had Big Jack done to deserve this unhappy fate? Although in inchoate form, these were essentially the thoughts, sentiments, and moral intuitions elaborated at such length in *Dominion* and similar literature.

■

Dominion is an extended tract in support of the proposition that animals should be left to do their own thing.

■

Scully is right that such inhibitions should not be dismissed as childish squeamishness but are rather to be thought through with care. Because he knows, however, that many of us will arrive at the conclusion that Big Jack's end has a legitimate, if not absolutely necessary, place in the order of things, he keeps shifting the argument from principle to scale, and back again. The principled claim that it is wrong to raise animals in order to eat them is familiar. Most people—including, I think it fair to say, most people who have given the claim careful thought—are not persuaded. Therefore, Scully shifts the burden of his argument, contending that, even if eating meat is morally permissible, today's containment methods of mass-production in industrial farming are unconscionable. That is a stronger, although not indisputable, claim.

Scully provides searing descriptions of horrors perpetrated against pigs on industrial farms. He and others make a prima facie case that such methods entail cruelty to animals that warrants public and governmental attention. At the same time, however, his charges of cruelty are so sweeping as to cast at least a shadow of doubt even over his critique of industrial farming, which is his strongest case. For instance, he provides a caricature of hunting for sport as the "pornography of bloodlust," quoting, sometimes to hilarious effect, the boastful and silly things hunters say when they get together. In a similar way, one might take at face value the claims bandied about in the men's locker room and conclude that we should prohibit sex. In another connection, Scully knows he has reader sympathy in his defense of whales and dolphins, but fails to apply exactly the same moral logic to the genteel practice of fly fishing as described in, for instance, *A River Runs Through It*. It is not that he always fears to offend: Suburbanites who think that the exploding population of deer calls for culling and golfers who want to reclaim their course from Canada geese are instructed that their interests are "trivial." Deer will be deer and geese will be geese. Get used to it. And yes, circuses will be just as much fun without animal acts.

In sum, Scully tries to do altogether too much. His attack on industrial farming is generally persuasive, and raises questions deserving of greater public attention, although the book does not even pretend to represent fairly the other side of the question, if there is another side. The reminder that human dominion entails responsibility for our fellow creatures is engaging, salutary, and always in order. For all the excurses on related topics, however, *Dominion* is an extended tract in support of the proposition that animals should be left to do their own thing, from which it follows that it is morally wrong for human beings to raise or hunt animals for food. That is not a frivolous proposition, but neither is it convincing. A rule of effective argument is to state opposing arguments in a way that makes them recognizable to those who advance them. Scully has altogether too much fun caricaturing the positions of those with whom he disagrees.

A more persuasive book would give greater attention to the ways in which many animals are dependent upon human beings, and the huge role that the domestication of animals, also for food, plays in our history and theirs. It is worth pondering that entire species—pigs being one obvious example—would be extinct were they not of value to human beings. Moreover, if left on their own, millions upon millions of animals would die more brutal deaths from a nature red in tooth and claw. And at least some consideration should be

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given the countless small field animals that would be killed in order to cultivate enough grain to feed a nation, never mind a world, of vegetarians. Scully further weakens his case by cavalierly dismissing as trivial the part that gastronomy and other social conventions play in the civilizing of the human animal. Throughout, Scully rails against the profit motive; but he fails to explain, as so many critics of capitalism before him have failed to explain, how the world might be reordered in indifference to self-interest. In the Christian scheme of things, we live in a fallen creation where we cannot, and should not try to, order political economies on the basis of altruism.

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Scully's book stretches our understanding of what it means to be humane.

■

Of course egregious cruelty to animals is wrong. It must be condemned and, where possible, stopped. Scully makes an impressive case that the current practices of industrial farming entail egregious cruelty. But it would seem that his much more ambitious proposals are driven by a yearning for the Peaceable Kingdom of Biblical promise, in which the lion will lie down with the lamb. We are right to yearn for that Kingdom, and our yearning is intensified by the knowledge that it will not be—indeed, cannot be—established by us. Nor will its coming be hastened by ignoring the complex patterns of cooperation, competition, and conflict in the animal kingdom for which we, of all the animals, have been commissioned to care. We—along with snails, cockroaches, rodents, leopards, pigs, and elephants—are caught up in a web of creaturely life marked by deprivation and bounded by inevitable death. We alone, however, can be humane. Scully's book stretches our understanding of what it means to be humane. And when his argument stretches beyond what is possible or beyond what would, in fact, benefit us and the other animals, it can lead readers to a greater measure of the humility that Matthew Scully rightly says should mark our limited dominion. **NR**

Judging the Court

RICHARD A. EPSTEIN

First Among Equals: The Supreme Court in American Life, by Kenneth W. Starr (Warner, 320 pp., $26.95)

To most Americans, Kenneth Starr is known largely as a Javert-type figure who, as independent counsel, hounded Bill Clinton for the multiple indiscretions that eventually led to his impeachment. But *that* Kenneth Starr does not make so much as a cameo appearance in this new book. Rather, in a self-conscious attempt at political rehabilitation, this Ken Starr goes out of his way to avoid any rancor or recrimination. He heaps praise on *Brown* v. *Board of Education* (1954), and often lauds the work of the Warren Court. At other times, he clearly casts his lot with the early-20th-century progressives, who rallied behind Oliver Wendell Holmes's view that the legislature must have its way on matters of social policy and economic regulation, even when it enacts statutes that the judiciary finds naïve, futile, or destructive. Only after such genuflections does Starr offer his own measured defense of the Rehnquist Court, against its ever more vocal liberal critics—who, in the nick of time, have discovered the virtues of judicial restraint.

Starr further softens the presentation of his judicial views with three transparent literary devices. First, he relentlessly personalizes the legal process. He thus offers us fan-magazine-like portraits of sitting Supreme Court justices: Did you know, or care, that Chief Justice Rehnquist's favorite meal is a cheeseburger-and-beer combo? Second, Starr offers us snapshot portraits of his clients—to show, for example, that Bridget Mergens was truly distraught when Westside High School would not allow her Bible-study group to meet on school grounds. Finally, Starr is ubiquitous in the narrative, appearing variously as solicitor general, circuit-court judge, counselor to the attorney general, and (in earlier days) as law clerk to the chief justice.

Mr. Epstein is a professor of law at the University of Chicago and a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution.

The serious reader may find these devices distracting, but he should not be deceived by this appeal to the lay audience. This book also reveals a first-rate legal mind, one that has a real knack for taking apart complex issues and reducing them to their essentials. Starr is keenly aware that in many cases it is difficult to square the broad commands of the Constitution with the complex challenges brought before the Court. The early First Amendment cases of subversive advocacy did not require the judges to dissect complex legislative schemes. Today's First Amendment cases are quite different: The byzantine congressional enactments on campaign-finance regulation—to take one example—require the justices to delve into whether the allegedly corrupt state of American politics justifies restrictions on campaign contributions to political candidates, or personal expenditures by political candidates on their own behalf, or both. Starr does an admirable job of sifting through the myriad complexities, and makes a strong case that the American political process is better able to survive open and unregulated political campaigns than the intricate regulations meant to purify them.

Throughout his many discussions, from flag burning and abortion rights to Miranda warnings, Starr projects an image of a thoughtful conservative who seeks to reconcile multiple projects: his strong endorsement of the constitutional norms of liberty and equality; his general acceptance of the doctrine of judicial restraint; and his Burkean conviction that gradual changes through the political process are far preferable to such abrupt judicial revolutions as those wrought by *Roe* v. *Wade* (1973) on abortion and *Miranda* v. *Arizona* (1966) on criminal confessions.

Unfortunately, these laudable goals occasionally conflict with one another, and that's where some deeper problems with this book manifest themselves. Start with the tension between the con-

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stitutional norms of liberty and equality. The First Amendment protects the free exercise of religion while guarding against the establishment of religion. Starr argues forcefully that equality of treatment between religious and nonreligious groups offers the key to understanding the clause. Bridget Mergens should be allowed to have her Bible club as long as any secular group may also use school facilities for extracurricular activities. This principle of equality works quite well in this case, in which all students are required to pay to support the use of public spaces, but some of the students are being denied equal access solely because of their religious beliefs. Starr convincingly uses this argument to criticize the jurisprudence of the early Burger Court (which, in this as in other areas, out-Warrened the Warren Court) that allowed the exclusion of religious groups from public places to preserve the strict wall of separation between church and state. Starr uses the same line of reasoning to defend the right of parents to use school vouchers at religious schools—a view the Supreme Court narrowly upheld this past term.

Starr does not, however, address the conflict between liberty and equality in such cases as *Employment Division* v. *Smith*, in which the Supreme Court upheld a generalized criminal ban on the use of peyote even when consumed as part of tightly regulated religious rites—a decision that sparked appropriate outrage among civil libertarians and religious conservatives alike. What Starr needs to supply is a more systematic account of how to reconcile religious liberties with an ever-broader sweep of state regulations; to do that, he would have to defend the free exercise of religion so long as its practices do not cause demonstrable harm to third parties, which is a far cry from the general principle of equality to which he appeals.

Starr also fails to reconcile his strong belief in freedom of expression and association with his stated affection for judicial restraint. Here Starr firmly throws in his lot with Justice Scalia, who declared he "never slept better" than after voting to strike down statutes designed to limit flag burning. The clear principle behind these decisions is that mere offense that a political majority legitimately feels toward the boorish actions of other citizens does not warrant criminalizing speech—as would, for example, the case of falsely shouting "fire" in a crowded theater. Figuring out which threats of force, which instances of fraud or defamation do justify criminalization, however, is the larger uncompleted project of First Amendment law to which Starr pays insufficient attention.

What Starr does do, however, is build on the Warren Court's willingness to protect freedom of association as part of freedom of speech, and thus give his strong endorsement to the Court's 2000 decision to strike down New Jersey's antidiscrimination statute, which prevented the Boy Scouts from excluding avowed gays from their ranks. Starr is right to endorse the ruling, but he goes off the rails into inconsistency when he concludes simultaneously that a) "much" (note, he is careful not to say "most") of the country would have viewed "trampling" the Boy Scouts as unwarranted and unwise; and also that b) "where the stakes were high, the Court would show restraint."

Something is deeply amiss with this argument. The Supreme Court attracts criticism no matter which way it comes out, so maybe it should just try to do the right thing; but how is its strong defense of the constitutional right to freedom of association an exercise in "judicial restraint," when a majority of the Court struck down the law in question? At the very least, Starr should explain to his puzzled readers why intervention is justified here, but not when the pre-1937 Supreme Court intervened to protect economic liberties from state regulation, nor when the Court intervened in *Roe* v. *Wade* to defend freedom of abortion. Starr's unwillingness to grapple with the central dilemmas of judicial review also reveals itself in his cautious treatment of the affirmative-action cases, where a decent respect for legislature supremacy would counsel against striking down set-

A conversation with

Phyllis Schlafly

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aside programs for minority contractors—an issue on which the Supreme Court has steered an unsteady course.

Starr would have been well advised to distinguish more forcefully than he does between the two different kinds of judicial restraint. The first calls for a reflexive attitude of deference toward democratically enacted laws, which is in general unsustainable. Of course, no court should go out of its way to strike down statutes, but neither should it turn somersaults to avoid the obvious conflicts between broad constitutional provisions and manifestly intrusive government legislation. The second is the doctrine known as *stare decisis*, which holds that past judicial decisions should generally not be overturned. On this doctrine, Starr correctly stresses that it is costly for the Court to reverse field, even when it comes to matters as important as abortion and criminal process.

■

The truth is that Starr is not wedded to judicial restraint; his main impulse is more traditionalist.

■

The truth is that Starr is not wedded to judicial restraint. Rather, his main impulse is more traditionalist: Don't upset the apple cart. If the Court made past mistakes on abortion and criminal procedure, it's too risky to try to rectify them now. But if the legislature wants to trench on long-respected liberties of association, then by all means invoke the Constitution to preserve the traditional balance by invoking its powers of judicial review. This form of conservatism pays a heavy price in preferring historical continuity to intellectual consistency. But it may mark the path of wise political compromise. No matter where the ultimate truth lies, Starr should not be faulted too harshly for failing to work out these recurrent difficulties in a popular book. Rather, he should be praised for offering a shrewd and accessible analysis of some of the toughest problems that come before the Supreme Court—as befits a man who deserves much credit for his many services to our public life. **NR**

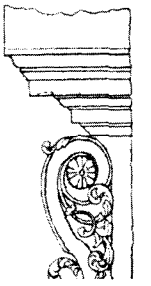
A Treasury for Today's Kids

JOHN J. MILLER

The National Review Treasury of Classic Children's Literature, selected by William F. Buckley Jr. (National Review, 528 pp., $29.95)

THE first thing I ever read to my oldest child, now a spirited boy of five, was an article in *Commentary* magazine by Francis Fukuyama. Brendan was a baby then (a neocon—literally!), his mother was away somewhere, and the kid needed a nap. No amount of rocking him in my arms, feeding him a bottle, or simply setting him in his crib would work. So I decided to read him something in what I hoped would be the soothing sounds of my voice.

The experiment was a success—for about eight or nine minutes, at which point the boy erupted in protest. I'm a proud pa, and like to think that Brendan is above average in many respects. A part of me wanted to believe that he was listening to my rendition of Fukuyama and meant to quibble. ("The fourth paragraph contains a logical fallacy, Daddy.") Alas, the noise had a different source. There was a diaper to be changed.



The ritual of reading bedtime stories began in earnest some months later, with Margaret Wise Brown board books and the like. We've since marched through Mother Goose, Curious George, Dr. Seuss—even *Buzz Lightyear of Star Command: Speed Trap*. Brendan now has a storytime companion in his sister Josie, a giggly three-year-old. Soon Patrick will join them; he's already received his first doses of *Goodnight Moon*.

Yet it was with some trepidation that I picked up *The National Review Treasury of Classic Children's Literature*. My parental forays into books without pictures on every page have met with what I will charitably call mixed success. Brendan once carried around a paperback copy of J. M. Barrie's *Peter Pan* everywhere he went for a week—he loved the cover illustration but lost interest in the narrative after just a few pages. We've resorted to a picture-heavy retelling of the old novel, plus the Disney movie on videotape.

So I am pleased to report something of a breakthrough. We're not talking complete comprehension—the 44 stories and poems in this volume, mostly collected from *St. Nicholas Magazine*, a monthly children's periodical that published between 1873 and 1940, are aimed mainly at kids a few years older. The target audience, I would guess, is children aged seven to fourteen, give or take. There are pictures, but they serve as decorations rather than focal points. Kids may close their eyes and just listen to these stories (or do the reading themselves).

My own kept their eyes open and their mouths shut as we zipped through installments of "The Happychaps," a serial verse by Carolyn Wells about a faerie people who fall asleep during the American Revolution and wake up more than a century later to build a town called Jollipopolis. When we finished one of these stories, my audience of two would plead for more, in the same tone I hear when they want more pudding after dinner.

Other parents will enjoy similar experiences with this book. So will grandparents, aunts and uncles, and teachers—anybody who spends a significant amount of time reading to small folks. People like us are always on the lookout for quality kids' literature; the *NR Treasury* is stuffed full of it.

Imagine the top writers of our own time—Tom Wolfe, John Updike, Thomas Mallon—churning out material for children at a steady clip. That's the feat *St. Nicholas Magazine* and its longtime editor, Mary Mapes Dodge, accomplished every month. Louisa May Alcott, Lewis Carroll, Bret Harte, Jack London, and Mark Twain all wrote for it. Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Book* debuted on its pages. The *NR Treasury* collects samples from each, as well as from a host of worthy

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writers whose names aren't so familiar—and whose stories and poems are now rescued from obscurity. One of the finest is a novella-length adventure by Allen French called "Sir Marrok," and it's a wonder this tale isn't better known. Another story is "The Temptation of Wilfred Malachey"—the only children's yarn ever written by William F. Buckley Jr., and one of only two in the collection that wasn't originally published in *St. Nicholas Magazine*.

The whole enterprise harks back to a time when our culture was driven more by the written word than the frenetic image—before there was a Cartoon Network or a Super Nintendo. Even comic books aren't as popular as they once were; we can argue over their merits (I happen to think they have a few), but the anti-comic crowd must admit that at least kids have to engage in the discipline of *reading* them.

I recently noticed that Nickelodeon—a cable-TV channel full of programming for youngsters—produces a children's magazine. The cover of the latest issue advertises a forthcoming movie; it also promises to reveal "Video Game Cheat Codes." This is a magazine whose mission is to get its readers to quit reading and do something else. Today, there's just nothing like old *St. Nick*.

To be sure, the publishing industry still produces lots of books for kids, some of them quite good. But much of this corpus is of middling quality, and a portion of it is even downright unsavory. Take Philip Pullman, the celebrated author of a trilogy called *His Dark Materials*. These books have sold more than a million copies in the United States. By all accounts, Pullman is a gifted stylist. But he places his gift in the service of a loathsome project. "I'm trying to undermine the basis of Christian belief," he told the *Washington Post* last year. "Mr. [C. S.] Lewis would think I was doing the Devil's work." A lot of people—even churchgoing people—probably buy Pullman books and give them to children they know without realizing any of this. Pullman's on the bestseller lists, right? The highbrow critics love him, right? What great stocking stuffers!

No such worries about subversion with the *NR Treasury*. Granted, its stories and poems commit the crime of being fun to read—this will be their primary appeal to kids. But they also teach lessons about patriotism, loyalty, devotion, and so on. They are, as Buckley notes in a warm introduction, "wholesome." That's a deadly adjective these days. As Buckley explains, "In the modern age people tend to think that wholesome goes with Cream of Wheat, marshmallows, and Kool-Aid, inducing tedium soon, nausea later." Yet the *NR Treasury* is wholesome in the best sense of the word. It induces neither tedium nor nausea—only excitement (at first) and wisdom (later on). Grownups can trust its content, and give it to children without worry. They can even feel good about what they've done.

And if NR ever produces a sequel—I've picked up some loose talk about this around the office—maybe we can convince Francis Fukuyama to write something for it. I hereby promise to read it to my brood. **NR**

THE FRAME

In the heat of writing about you
In a blankbook, my special one,
I skipped a page, wastefully.
When I thought I was through,
Turning back to where I'd begun,

I noticed this white space,
Speechless, peaceful, pure as only
Silence ever could be
Or will be, ever again:
The hush after hard rain,

Of a rosebud blowing open;
The lull that comes darkly
After someone has misspoken
And nobody knows what to say;
The quiet that fills a room

When death visits the house,
As the spirit hovers in place
And grievers have not yet
Seen it rise above the bed
And turn the color of air.

In the rush to finish my verse
About you, I left a space—
An empty foursquare frame.
And there I saw your face,
More haunting than any poem.

—DANIEL MARK EPSTEIN

SHELF LIFE

Christmas Stocking

MICHAEL POTEMRA

MAN struggles with his sense of God, and also with his responsibility to order our common life as best he can. One of the most profound intellects to address both of these aspects of the human condition, and especially their intersection, was L. Brent Bozell. He brought to his task not just a ferociously powerful mind but a truly Christian, truly Catholic heart; which latter, he would contend if one asked him, is infinitely more important. *Mustard Seeds: A Conservative Becomes a Catholic* (Christendom, 399 pp., $29.95) is the highly welcome reissue of a 1986 anthology of Bozell's writings.

Mustard Seeds covers the entirety of a long and eventful writing career. Bozell was one of the key figures in the founding of modern American conservatism; he collaborated with his brother-in-law William F. Buckley Jr. on an early book, served as Washington columnist for NATIONAL REVIEW, and ghostwrote Barry Goldwater's classic manifesto, *The Conscience of a Conservative*. To read his writings from that era is to be thrilled by the expression of a political faith that must have seemed so unrealistic as to be utterly beyond the pale. In a 1962 essay, for example, he said that the U.S. must find the will to stand up for Western civilization, and that if it does, "the orders will go out . . . to our commander in Berlin: *Tear down The Wall*." In 1962, outlandish; by 1992, prophetic.

But even in his NR days, Bozell became dissatisfied with the direction the conservative mainstream was taking. One of the most important services rendered by this anthology is that it makes readily available Bozell's magnificent 1962 NR essay "Freedom or Virtue?"—which remains to this day the clearest and best-written argument for the non-libertarian brand of conservatism. In

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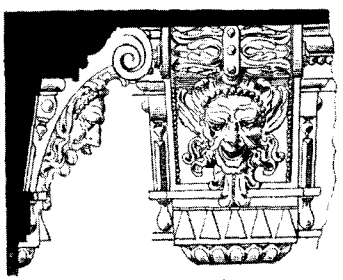
1966 Bozell founded a Catholic magazine called *Triumph*, which persevered until 1975 and from which most of these essays are drawn.

The writings are characterized by breathtaking candor; the very first essay in the book, from 1986, describes the author's bouts of manic depression. Many of the essays are not for the faint of heart; Bozell was quite frank in his radicalism, declaring at one point that he viewed *Triumph* as "the only serious opponent of the American state." But the rebel who takes his stand outside the system in the name of a higher truth or morality is a fundamentally American type, from Paine and Emerson right down to today's anti-abortion and anti-globalism protesters; in no country are true patriotism and vocal dissent as intimately related as in our own, and this spirit animated Bozell's pen.



Abortion was to Bozell a central issue; he viewed a civil order that permitted it as having lost its legitimacy. But after turbulent years of protest, Bozell's reflections came more and more to transcend the political; in these final years, the concept of mercy was at the center of his thought. The key secular goal of politics, he wrote, is "to try to reduce human suffering in the public sphere. . . . To be sure, the traditional Christian language for defining the purpose of politics employs the vocabulary of justice. But mercy . . . transcends justice, and elevates it through the motivation of love."

Bozell's was the furthest possible thing from a disembodied intellect; he placed his rational capacities completely at the service of his God and his troubled fellow man of the here and now. This found its clearest expression in a brief and compelling 1975 essay, "Thoughts About Thinking," in which Bozell faulted the West for having accepted too thoroughly Aristotle's declaration that the intellect is what truly distinguishes man from other creatures: "The most exquisitely equipped 'rational animal' could not, in virtue of that equipment, believe, or hope, or love supernaturally. Reason does none of these things, nor can it explain them."

To see what happens when a man of great compassion—one whose highest goal is to live the life of the saints—also has political insight and a great prose style, read this book.

■ The guilt of Alger Hiss becomes clearer with each passing year, as does the heroism of Whittaker Chambers. Patrick A. Swan has edited a generous and enlightening anthology of some of the best writings to try to make sense of that historic case, in *Alger Hiss, Whittaker Chambers, and the Schism in the American Soul* (ISI, 359 pp., $16.95).

The figure of Chambers continues to fascinate, because he had a faith and intellect that were informed—but not overwhelmed—by the particular struggles of his time. This was no Ancient Mariner, but a clear-sighted analyst. Murray Kempton, in a 1970 essay reprinted in this book, quotes a May 1959 letter from Chambers to WFB urging that the Right pay more attention to the issue of civil liberties: "Why for example should we leave it to liberals to give tongue against the frightening developments in wiretapping? . . . The Right I feel more and more must find its conscience and make it explicit, first of all to the Right." When a Dick Armey, today, finds common cause with the ACLU on privacy issues, he can thus claim a very distinguished conservative ancestor—and one whose advocacy was certainly not based on a naïveté concerning deadly threats to national security.

Some of the pieces in the book are well-known classics of high literary achievement; for example, WFB's 1962 *Esquire* article, "The End of Whittaker Chambers." But a last, poignant word on the case belongs to Hugh Kenner (from a 1979 *American Spectator* essay):

> Alger lives yet, to a rhythm of his own. It is the rhythm of the sewing-machine, busily piecing and stitching; the parts glinting, the motor humming, the needle hopping, the pieces of material lapped and fed; no thread in the bobbin, none in the needle.

■ Bertrand M. Patenaude has written a monumental work—which is appropriate, because he is describing a monumental effort. *The Big Show in Bololand: The American Relief Expedition to Soviet Russia in the Famine of 1921* (Stanford, 817 pp., $29.95) is a magisterial history of one of the noblest chapters in the American past. History, especially as taught in our tonier universities, is quite prolix on the subject of the Red Scare in the U.S. early in the post–World War I era; but how many Americans know that at the very same time, our country was undertaking a massive humanitarian effort to feed the starving population of Bolshevist Russia?

The idealistic Americans of the relief expedition ended up saving millions of lives, and this book tells their story compellingly. But the book is also valuable as an account of what the relief workers saw—their detailed firsthand experiences of the life of the common man in Russia under the Lenin regime. This is a scene from Samara on the Volga, as described by a Chicago newspaperman:

> Here were lads, gaunt and tall, thin beyond any conception a Westerner can have of thinness, covered with rags and dirt. Here were old women, some of them sitting half-conscious on the ground, dazed by their hunger . . . Here were pallid mothers seeking to feed dying babies from their milkless breasts. Were a new Dante to come among us, he could write a new Inferno after visiting one of these railway stations.

This is history as a true window into the past, and the view from that window is unflinching.

■ Peter J. Wallison is a very intelligent man, and he kept his eyes open while serving as President Reagan's White House counsel from April 1986 to March 1987. The result is a fine book, *Ronald Reagan: The Power of Conviction and the Success of His Presidency* (Westview, 306 pp., $27). As might be expected given his dates of service, most of Wallison's personal recollections have to do with the administration's descent into the Iran-contra maelstrom. But one of his most revelatory anecdotes comes from 1975, when he was counsel to then-Vice President Nelson Rock-

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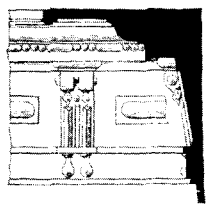
efeller. President Ford had named Rockefeller head of a blue-ribbon panel to investigate misconduct by the CIA; another member of the panel was Ronald Reagan.

> Rockefeller . . . regarded Reagan as a lightweight who was not taking his responsibilities seriously. When Reagan did attend meetings, he didn't say much . . . [But] as the discussions went on inconclusively, Reagan started to write on a yellow legal pad . . . At first I thought he was simply taking notes. Then, on several occasions, when the discussion flagged, he would say something like "How does this sound, fellas?" and would read aloud what he had written. His draft language was usually a succinct summary of the principal issues . . . and a sensible way to address them. . . . Rockefeller was somewhat astonished by Reagan's success at this process, especially since Reagan appeared to do it so effortlessly.

■ We seldom see nowadays the New England Uncle Sam figure, a rural, skinny Calvinist with a little beard. He has been replaced by the American Westerner, the Straight Shooter: Gary Cooper, John Wayne, Ronald Reagan, George W. Bush. Nor has this aspect of our national character failed to make its mark on our literary life: In *Poems of the American West* (Everyman's Library Pocket Poets/Knopf, 256 pp., $12.50), Robert Mezey, a prize-winning poet of national reputation and a frequent NR contributor, has selected and edited an impressive collection of poems arising out of the distinctive experience of this mythogenic region. The selection is of very high quality, and contains many surprises. In addition to excellent poets associated with the West, Robert Frost and Bertolt Brecht are here, and even Guillaume Apollinaire, who never saw the United States. Another NR contributor, Olivia Ellis Simpson, is here with two fine poems. In his excellent introduction Mezey writes:



> Compiling this little book, I hoped, despite its pocket size, to give some idea of the vastness and variety of the West, the harsh life of its farms and ranches, the more and more destructive invasion of its forest and desert solitudes, the bookstores, bars, and bistros of San Francisco and Hollywood, the provincial sophistication of the suburbs, the Pacific coastline and the endless highways, the ghost towns, the poverty, and the now all but legendary world of cowpunchers and gunslingers.

In all respects, this small book is a beautiful thing. Its notable dust-jacket illustration reproduces a splendid 1871 painting by Norton Bush (now in a Lyme, Conn., collection).

■ Political-science professor Francis P. Sempa of Wilkes University provides a valuable service in his brief and lucid new book, *Geopolitics: From the Cold War to the 21st Century* (Transaction, 124 pp., $29.95). He outlines how geopolitics—"the [international] struggle for space and power"—has been understood by the key theorists of the past, and makes a strong case for the enduring relevance of that traditional perspective: "The geopolitical imperative of preventing a single power or alliance of powers from dominating the Eurasian landmass is as valid today as it was in 1812, 1914, 1940, and 1946. . . . The balance of power on Eurasia [after the Soviet collapse] has not altered to such an extent that America's weight can safely be removed from the scales." The need to project American values there and elsewhere makes the practice of power politics not just an exercise in "realism" but a moral imperative.

■ Christopher Hitchens and Christopher Caldwell are formidable practitioners, and they know good writing when they see it. In an anthology they have co-edited, *Left Hooks, Right Crosses: A Decade of Political Writing* (Thunder's Mouth/Nation, 401 pp., $16.95), they put forward an impressive selection of the greatest hits of the 1990s. A highlight—indeed, worth the price of the book all by itself—is David Tell's hilarious parody of the Clinton impeachment . . . in the form of an opera synopsis. "Giuseppe Conason's I Disonesti" is a brilliant and sustained work of political humor writing, of which the following snippets are quite representative:

> ACT I. Don Guglielmo, leader of the Disonesti noblemen, . . . despairs that palace life has withheld from him the worldly counsel of high-born women ("Che orrore! Mia moglie è frigida e i miei testicoli sono blu"). . . . Don Guglielmo is revivified by Donna Monica's support and exults over their meeting ("Buongiorno, un pompino fantastico! Upsidesi—il mio sperma. Scusa"). . . . ACT III. All seems lost until Don Guglielmo dramatically appears and makes clear the truth ("Non ho avuto rapporti sessuali con quella donna"). Moved by his obvious sincerity, the spectators disembowel the Inquisitore and set fire to his liver. A chorus of citizens reaffirm their love for the Doge ("Noi, il popolo, siamo stupidi e immorali").

NR

LEGACY

WHAT WILL YOURS BE?

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■ CITY DESK ■

A City Christmas

RICHARD BROOKHISER

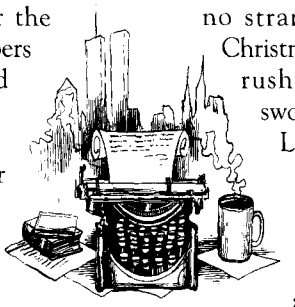
WHAT is the city of Christmas in the English-speaking world? Probably still 19th-century London, thanks to Charles Dickens and *A Christmas Carol*, but surely New York is in the running. Three New Yorkers—Washington Irving, Clement Moore, and Thomas Nast—invented Santa Claus; New York has the tree at Rockefeller Center and the Rockettes at Radio City. Why then is Christmas so lonely here?

One of the great engines of loneliness is the ubiquitous music. December is make-or-break month for the stores, which must put shoppers in the mood, and to that end they cue up their seasonal soundtracks. The performances are generally bad, either the emotional absolute zero of Muzak, or the scut work of celebrities shuffling through an early-morning recording session some long-ago summer in L.A. or Nashville (*Nat King Cole Sings . . .*; *Willie Nelson's Favorite . . .*). The songs are generally bad too, since most of them are not actual Christmas carols. This season I did hear a steel drummer pinging out "Silent Night." You could imagine the vocal:

Silent Night, 'Oly Night,
Son of God, 'E love pure light, mon!

But carols, with their unavoidable religious content, especially in the seldom-sung second and third verses (*Pleased as man with man to dwell, / Jesus, our Emmanuel*) are somewhat off-message, so more often we find ourselves serenaded with calendar songs: songs about the Christmas season. The immemorial theme of these songs is how much fun we are having. Since they cannot celebrate the Incarnation, they can only celebrate celebration. Daughter sees Mommy kissing Santa Claus, chestnuts roast on the open fire, Rudolph embraces his outer nose, Frosty melts but amusingly, sleigh bells ring in the night thick with stars and laughter. But suppose we are not having fun? Or that we are not having that much fun (only someone on laughing gas could be)? Then the emotion produced by these forced marches of jollity is gloom.

One Christmastime, over a late lunch in a thinned-out restaurant, I had an experience I can never have again: hearing the lyrics of "I'll Be Home for Christmas" for the first time. The performer was Frank Sinatra, the American Fischer-Dieskau. Singing with passion and tact, he came to the final revelation that he would be home for Christmas, "if only in my dreams." I was by myself. Finally, someone told the truth.



The second enforcer of isolation and solitude is crowds. New Yorkers are no strangers to crowds, but at Christmastime rush hour becomes rush month. Our ranks are swollen not just by the usual Long Islanders and New Jerseyites, but by heartlanders and foreigners. They come here not to sightsee but to shop. We are the 14th Street of the globe, the flea market of four continents. We welcome them; they pay such a big chunk of our wages and our taxes. But they are so in the way. The New Yorker expresses politeness by haste; he rushes, to let the New Yorker behind him rush too. Outlanders consider, pause, gawk. They sight through their hand-held camcorders and film. They pull up, gut-blocked, in subway turnstiles they did not properly pay; they slow the revolving doors that should spin like flywheels; they reach the thresholds of the busiest portals on the planet, the Fifth Avenue entrances to Saks on a weekend, and stop dead as if to experience *satori*. Someone (a guidebook?) has told family groups to hold hands as they slide through the congestion. What are they doing—seine fishing? The human molecules must interpenetrate, or the circulatory system of the city seizes up. They are impossible.

You recognize not one of them. Nor does one of them recognize you. You are part of their crowd. "Nothing human is alien to me" is the special creed of the city dweller, and with only a moment the practiced people-watcher can spot the field markings of kinship. But the Christmas crowds are so dense, so fleeting. It is a foretaste of the general resurrection: think of the billions of Chinese there will be then; think of your ancestors.

The common elements of both experiences, the taunting of the music and the blank obduracy of the crowds, is that one is not at home. The songs celebrate fun at home, appropriately for a holiday based on a child's birth and perpetuated, even in its secular form, by family gift-giving. Among the people you would see at home, while walking the dog or even pacing through the mall, you might well recognize someone. But you are in New York, not at home. Some come here for terrible reasons, because home is crazy or violent. Most come here because this is where work is, and because (a related reason) home is just the weeniest bit dull. But home is where we all grew up, and all but the very worst homes had something that is precious to us, and that claims priority in our hearts because we knew it first. New York is the geographic equivalent of time: the thing that takes us away from home. Even when we settle here and make it our new home we are exiles.

When I first moved here I joined a singing group to which I no longer belong, but which I rejoin every year for its annual Christmas caroling. Believers in good music, if not Christ, we sing the old songs by Mendelssohn, Handel, and Anon. One night in Brooklyn Heights we stopped before a brownstone bay window. A lighted tree and a family looked out. You could taste their eggnog and rum balls. It was a Knickerbocker tableau from the age of innocence, funded by the Reagan/Clinton boom. One of our singers, an earnest soprano, asked if we shouldn't be in East New York (a fearful slum) instead. My wife tartly replied, "But the spiritual need is greater here." The need in East New York is greater in every way. But there is need everywhere, even in the noisiest crowds. **NR**

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TO: All NR Classified Advertisers
FROM: Tony Savage

Dear Friends and Clients:

It's been another roller-coaster year (as they all seem to be, of late). Triumphant, in regard to the mid-term elections, for we right-thinking people, which was a reassuring tonic. But the war drums grow louder, and the consequences of any action America undertakes, however justified, leaves us all a bit skittish as we constantly await the inevitable dropping of the other shoe by the insidious, intractable enemy.

But the gloomy thoughts aside, I take this opportunity to write, with pleasure, my annual valentine to all of you who have advertised with us during the past 12 months. In this final issue of 2002, I reiterate the great joy I've taken from the relationships we've experienced, however tangentially. Our exchanges, whether over the telephone, or by mail, have been so pleasant, and, I hope, as gratifying to you as they have been to me.

This little section of the magazine is devoted to one of the purest concepts of the free market, which will endure despite the evil intent of our various enemies. It is, quite simply, a forum to bring together willing sellers and willing buyers. And, as always, I hope the various transactions initiated here were beneficial to all parties involved.

So I thank each of you again for making the Right Choice, i.e., the decision to advertise your goods and services in NATIONAL REVIEW. And I wish you all a wonderful holiday season, and a healthy, happy, and prosperous New Year. With luck, hard work, and your dedication to the principles of liberty, we will prevail against the forces dedicated to destroying our way of life. May God bless you and yours. And, in the larger sense, may God bless America.

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Harvard at Bay

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3

THE back and forth at Harvard is much-noticed news almost everywhere. In Israel, to be sure, as also in the Arab press. But also in Great Britain and France, where anti-Semitism is a way of life, however well-mannered. The issue is a poet, Tom Paulin, an Oxford don who teaches this season at Columbia and was invited to give the Morris Gray lecture at Harvard.

Well, when this happened, some spoilsport publicized a remark the poet had made to an Egyptian weekly, to wit, that "Brooklyn-born" Jewish settlers on the West Bank "should be shot dead. I think they are Nazis, racists, I feel nothing but hatred for them." That stretch of prosody is without discernible poetry, but this of course was not considered in ensuing events. The English department at Harvard, on second thought, rescinded the invitation. President Lawrence Summers applauded this decision. But what then happened was a firestorm of free-speech protest, in which three Harvard Law School luminaries figured, Laurence Tribe, Alan Dershowitz, and Charles Fried. The English department, on third thought, re-invited the poet to speak, and now it was news all over the country and indeed the world. We are asked to consider what are the bounds, if any, on utterances of a particular nature if inconsistent with civil comity in a university. We are asked what hate speech should the colleges hate, and how exactly to give voice to that hate. And, inevitably, whether academic freedom is exercised, or is flouted, by speech of a particular character.

What then to do? The *New York Observer*, which usually flutters if there is the faintest liberal breeze in the air, is stentorian on the subject. In its editorial, it says, "Columbia should fire Mr. Paulin immediately, on the principle that having an anti-Semite on the payroll does a disservice to Columbia professors, students, and alumni who don't subscribe to the view that calling for the murder of Jews is something an Ivy League professor should be doing in his off hours."

The other view, that of the law professors cited above, is that freedom of speech is absolute, and nowhere more ideally protected than in universities.

Well, what concretely to do about the poet's forthcoming lecture? There will of course be some picketers outside, but doesn't something a little more resourceful come to mind?

In the spring of 1962, Commander George Lincoln Rockwell was invited by a student committee at Hunter College in New York to be the speaker at one of its monthly events.

Rockwell was the "Commander" of the American Nazi Party. He dressed in a Nazi commander's uniform, with swastikas here and there, and preached the faith of Hitler. He had a cadre of a dozen or so subordinate Nazis, and took such opportunities as he could to display the Nazi faith in Washington, where he was based, and elsewhere.

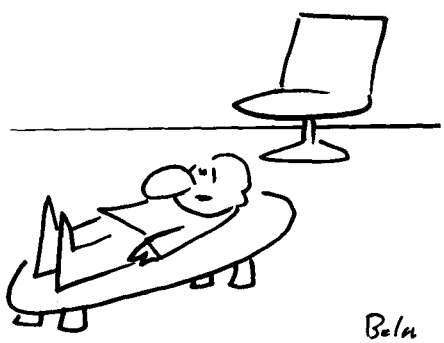
Hunter College's undergraduates were predominantly Jewish, and when news of the scheduled event was brought to Hunter president John Meng, a Roman Catholic, he made a decision which lives in Solomonic heraldry. It took the form of a letter to the faculty.

Today's students (he wrote) know of Nazism and what it did only by cursory reading. You and I know of it from direct experience in a world war. I will not overrule the invitation because I am committed to giving the student association plenary authority in the matter.

But, as a symbol of the gravity of the invitation to Mr. Rockwell, I call on members of the faculty to join me in attending the Passover Assembly at Park Avenue at 7 P.M. That is when the meeting with Commander Rockwell is scheduled. I feel sure that many members of the student body will wish to join us in that memorial meeting.

That was a truly eloquent means of handling an aberrational invitation.

Granted that Mr. Paulin is a poet, and not a Nazi. His problem is that he speaks Nazi language when he addresses the problems of the Mideast. That he is a poet is not, in the circumstances, what anybody is interested in, any more than it would have distracted the Hunter College community if George Lincoln Rockwell was also a rock star. There are salient considerations that have been raised at Harvard, and it is these that President Summers needs now to act on.



"Lately I've had trouble distinguishing between reality and fantasy."

Get That Billionaire

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 6

YOU know, we are trained not to be sorry for the rich, but I confess to yielding to that weakness where it's the very rich who are ridiculed. The term "billionaire" is—check this out—almost always used derisively, or condescendingly. I haven't counted how many billionaires there are, but you don't need the answer to that to know that they arouse a special kind of killer-envy. The web gives you a farcical site for "Who Wants to Be a Billionaire" and the entry page gives five headings. "The Stats" is a philosophical introduction to the whole question: "Did you know that 90% of American wealth is controlled by ONE PERCENT of the population? Are these people smarter than you? Are they more creative? No? Then who allows these people to retain their wealth?" Elucidating on this, item four ("The Target") reads, "Wealth is neither created nor destroyed—it merely changes hands. Which billionaire will be our first target?" Why not the man who invented penicillin?

You don't have to sound like a Marxist to stick it up their behind, and this is nicely exemplified in the jocose mode in the current *Slate* magazine. The headline is, "The joy of watching billionaires lose the America's Cup."

The spirit of this account of the racing classic may be that of Madame Defarge, the lady who sat knitting with ecstatic pleasure at execution square in 1793 in Paris, watching the guillotine

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come down, but the language is jocose. *Caution!* Derision is deadlier than denunciation. If Lenin had had that skill, he could have made headway without having to kill so many people.

The story on the America's Cup begins by telling us that "At least three of the world's richest men are about to be publicly humiliated in the waters off Auckland. Such a delightful spectacle should not pass unnoticed." Every billionaire's death exalteth me.

"For the hoi polloi, the perennial appeal of this periodic regatta is that it attracts egomaniacs who spend freely and then lose badly." Yes, once in a blue moon you get a rich egomaniac who actually demonstrates his own skill. But "most seagoing plutocrats serve mainly as ballast when they're not writing checks."

The author goes on to describe the principal players this time around. The Seattle team, the OneWorld team, "is backed by not one but two billionaires, cell-phone impresario Craig McCaw and Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen."

Now how shall we condescend to McCaw? Well, "he is an earnest fellow from Seattle with an environmentalist agenda—the OneWorld website proclaims the team's ambition 'to win the oldest trophy in sports in the name of the health of the world's oceans.'" Anything wrong with that? Well, not obviously wrong, so the author has to rev up the ridicule. "McCaw is well-known for having helped save Keiko, the *Free Willy* killer whale, by bankrolling a program to return the captive orca to the wild."

We have here a stylistic problem, because to make fun of saving whales is the kind of thing one expects from insouciant dilettantes, acting out P. G. Wodehouse. You're not, theoretically, *supposed* to make fun of people who care about whales. Unless they are billionaires.

What happened to OneWorld is, we are told, that the recession brought down McCaw's fortune "from $7.7 billion to a paltry $2.3 billion . . . That put something of a crimp in McCaw's do-gooder budget, so he brought in Allen to keep OneWorld funded at a respectably obscene level."

Enter another billionaire, Larry Ellison, chief executive of Oracle. "Ellison for years has been trying to stick a harpoon in his rival Microsoft and surpass Bill Gates as the world's richest man." But he is "down to $15.2 billion," because of the recession.

Enter then a Swiss billionaire, and on and on it goes. Mark Lewis, the author, is rooting for the New Zealand team, current proprietors of the Cup. That way, "the four billionaire-backed syndicates would have nothing to show for their collective expenditures of at least $300 million. The rest of us would cackle with glee."

Cackle! Was that the word Dickens used to describe the sounds in revolutionary Paris? What's nice about all this is that the article was published in *Slate*, property of billionaire Bill Gates, and the author works for *Forbes*, property of billionaire Steve.

It's the Rules, Stupid

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 10

IT needs to be stressed, especially in moments of high confusion, what the rules are for a dynamic economy. These rules tend to fritter down, under political pressure, but they are latently there, and the City of New York and United Airlines have both run into them.

The rules are, basically, that overhead costs have to be met by income. And that monopoly leverage over necessary public facilities is forbidden by law.

UAL sought, as so many commercial enterprises have done when in trouble, intervention by the government in order to circumvent the rule. UAL's petition was for a federally backed guarantee for a loan of $1.8 billion. The government said no. Government doesn't always say no. It said yes to Harley-Davidson motorcycles nine years ago, and to Chrysler, and of course most recently to the steelworkers. But the government did the correct thing with UAL, which means that they have to cope with market forces. That means, for the most part, the costs of machinists, pilots, and flight attendants.

In New York City, the new mayor, Mr. Bloomberg, is providing the histrionic diversions expected of occupants of that theatrically prominent office in the theatrical capital of the republic. He speaks almost lasciviously about how to cope with a strike by the transit-workers union; how by sharing space in your car or truck you can demonstrate that you too are involved in mankind. He speaks darkly about the ravages of a strike on everything people care about, an estimated $100 million per day in cost to the city's economy, a blight on Christmas shopping, and twice the normal time for the movement of ambulances and police cars. The mayor would be free to go to work in a police car or helicopter. Perhaps with memories of Mayor Lindsay walking dramatically to work through unshoveled snow, Mr. Bloomberg says he will purchase a ten-speed bicycle to go to City Hall. It is not obvious where en route the tenth gear can be engaged, since it is unimaginable that the road ahead should ever be so clear as to make this possible. Perhaps he will have police cars stop the traffic until his bicycle reaches, at least, fifth gear.

That *there is no right to strike against the public interest* was a rule endorsed by Grover Cleveland and Franklin Delano Roosevelt. And that rule is enacted in the Taylor Law of New York, which flatly prohibits exactly the thing that the transit-workers union is proposing to do.

There is surprisingly little mention of it, though Mr. Bloomberg has hinted at penalties he might reach for if sufficiently provoked. Mayor Giuliani set out to fine individual perpetrators $25,000 per day, then doubling the fine every day after. But the action needs to come primarily from Albany, where Governor Pataki hides out, managing to say practically nothing about a union contending now with the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, whose most prominent members made substantial contributions to the Pataki campaign.

The result is continuing speculation about the application of the rules. It should be simply apparent that UAL, in Chapter 11, has to travel toward recovery, or into Chapter 7, which means auctioning its assets and folding into history. The relevant unions, pre-bankruptcy, offered to trim $5.2 billion in expenses, which suggests there was that much fat there to be trimmed.

In New York, one waits for hard action by the governor. Tough stuff, on the order of contempt charges and fines and jail for those who break the law and affect the lives, habits, and property of the entire community. The head man of the transit-workers union a generation ago liked to go to the last minute (usually, New Year's Eve) in order to maximize public pressure. Bloomberg and Pataki are recently elected and re-elected officials in the state of New York, and the city waits to hear from them the words: *This strike will not happen.* There is a rule here, and we intend to observe it.

Then tell their constituents what they will do, in skywriting.

—UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

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DAVID FRUM

Tear Down This Wall

PRESIDENT BUSH has got himself some new economists—and within a very few weeks, his next State of the Union address will unveil a new economic policy. It's widely expected that this new policy will emphasize new reductions in federal taxes. That's fine. But it's not enough—not nearly.

The biggest problem the American economy faces in January 2003 is found outside America. While Americans are working their way through a not especially severe cyclical recession, the rest of the world economy is sunk in a prolonged and frightening slump.

The news from Europe and Japan is bad; the news from China is worse; the news from Latin America is worst of all. Argentina has defaulted on its foreign debt; Brazil looks ready to default at any minute; Venezuela hovers on the verge of civil war; Colombia has plunged right over the verge.

In the 1990s, the stock market boomed not just because U.S. corporations were earning more money, although they were. The market boomed because U.S. investors were willing to pay higher and higher prices for those earnings. The old rule of thumb was that a company is worth about 10 times its earnings, maybe 15. In the 1990s, investors willingly paid 20 and 30 times earnings.

Why pay so much more than ever before? Because the future seemed so much more glittering than ever before. The Cold War was won and socialism was discredited. The threat of war that had hung over Americans' heads with only brief interruptions since 1914 seemed finally to have ended forever. From Budapest to Beijing, from Bombay to Brasilia, nations that had isolated themselves from the capitalist world hurried to rejoin it.

So when you bought a share in Coca-Cola in 1995, you were not just buying a share of Coke's existing earnings. You were buying a share of all the earnings that beckoned from the Coke-deprived nations of the world's emerging markets. What could be more bullish?

Today those emerging markets are turning inward and backward. The free-market ideas that inspired the world in the 1990s are now rejected and reviled. No matter how leniently we tax dividends and capital gains inside the United States, the optimism of the 1990s will not return until those emerging markets rediscover the allure of the open global marketplace.

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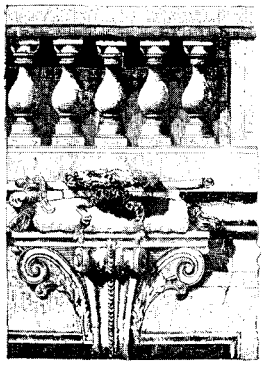
The tariff is the most regressive and outmoded tax of them all. The Bush administration should cut it.

■

How do we help them do that? Well, we don't do it by putting 30 percent tariffs on steel, that's for sure. We don't do it with farm bills so larded up with price supports that they effectively bar Third World foodstuffs from American tables.

In his first two years in office, President Bush offered a commanding agenda for the domestic economy—not only tax reductions, but also proposals for energy security and relief from overregulation. He scored some real and important accomplishments.



Now President Bush needs to offer an equally commanding agenda for the international economy—an agenda that is not utopian, that can be delivered, and that will make a difference. And there is one right at hand. If we're cutting taxes already, why not cut the most regressive and outmoded tax of them all—the tariff?

Most of us tend to assume that tariffs fell to zero sometime during the Kennedy administration. We tend to think that the important trade issues now all involve sneaky non-tariff barriers to trade. But in fact, as Edward Gresser of the Progressive Policy Institute pointed out in an important article in the November/December 2002 issue of *Foreign Affairs*, tariffs continue to mulct the poor at home and abroad: "Young single mothers [in the U.S.] buying cheap clothes and shoes now pay tariff rates five to ten times higher than middle-class or rich families pay in elite stores. Very poor countries such as Cambodia or Bangladesh face tariffs 15 times those applied to wealthy nations and oil exporters." While tariff rates have been cut to nearly zero on most products, they remain as high as 15 percent on products like cheap glassware and tableware, running shoes under $20, and so on.

For low-income Americans, a tariff cut will translate directly into lower prices in the stores. For developing nations with goods to sell, a tariff cut is a fair chance to earn their living in the global marketplace. For the Bush administration, a tariff cut is a chance to prove to the world that free trade is not a game that is rigged against the poor.

Tariff reduction does not have to be negotiated with other nations. The United States can act all by itself to reduce its remaining high tariffs to zero over the next six years. The impact on American firms would be minimal, since tariffs apply only to a few relatively unimportant areas of the U.S. economy, but the benefit to poor consumers—and to America's credibility abroad—would be immense.

Of course, it is not enough just to cut the tariff. We have to explain to the world what we are doing—and why. The last Bush economic team never succeeded in doing that. The new one must do better. It must convince America's friends—and potential friends—that America is not a selfish giant, that it is managing the world economy not just in its own interest, but in the interests of all. The State of the Union would be a fine time to start. **NR**

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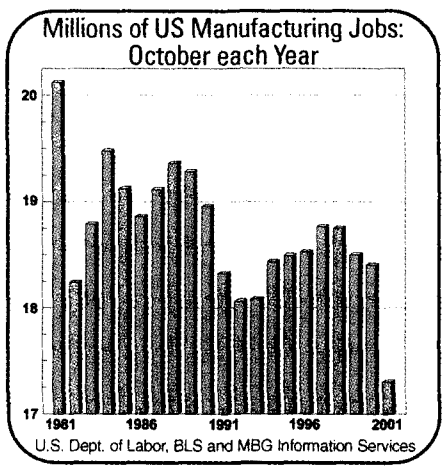
Will Our Working Class Remain A Middle Class?

For most of modern history, most countries' working classes have been lower classes. Their exploitation has brought on dictatorships and wars, and they remain powderkegs all around the world.

America's working class, however, has been a middle class – a bulwark of our democracy as well as our prosperity. And much of the reason stems from modern America's creation over the years of tens of millions of manufacturing jobs, which have paid well enough to enable the typical family to live the American dream.



Many manufacturing jobs still permit Americans without a college degree (75 percent of our workers) to own homes, pay for their children's higher education, and retire in comfort. These jobs also often enable a single breadwinner to support a middle class family – which can make preserving marriages and raising children much easier.

Today, however, these jobs are rapidly vanishing. Since peaking in 1979, manufacturing employment has fallen nearly 19 percent. More than one million manufacturing jobs were lost in the past year alone. Manufacturing wages have fallen, too, down nearly 10 percent from their 1978 peak. The service jobs that replaced them pay less and offer few, if any, benefits.

Although some manufacturing jobs have been lost to progress, many others have been lost to government policies that encourage producing goods for the American market in foreign factories.

We believe that the continuing health of our economy, democracy, and society depends on growing numbers of U.S.-based manufacturing jobs.

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Office of National Drug Control Policy

IF YOU DON'T WANT SOMETHING TO BE *true*, DOES THAT MAKE IT *PROPAGANDA?*

When we're children and we don't want to listen, we put our hands over our ears. As we grow up, we create new ways to ignore things we don't want to hear. We make excuses. We look the other way. We label things "propaganda" or "scare tactics."

But it doesn't work. It doesn't make the truth go away.

Drug money funds terrible things: intimidation, bribery, torture and murder. And drug money comes from drug buyers.

So if people stopped buying drugs, there wouldn't be a drug market. No drug market, no drug dealers. No drug dealers, no drug violence, corruption and misery.

It may not be what you want to hear. But that doesn't make it any less true.

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